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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1900.

SIXPENCE.

Duke of York.



Sir C. Cust.

Admiral Culme-Seymour.

MARCHING PAST.



PUTTING BAGGAGE ABOARD.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—THE MOBILISATION AT PORTSMOUTH: THE DUKE OF YORK INSPECTING THE MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVAL DEPÔT.

Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Years ago there dwelt in an aristocratic London street a gentleman of large hospitality and eccentric manners. He kept open house—literally open—for on certain evenings the hall-door was flung wide, and strangers were bidden to enter. The host, in a gleaming white waistcoat, would stand at the door about midnight, and any belated reveller who took his fancy was not only invited, but sometimes almost hauled in by genial force. In a different quarter of the town such strange proceedings would have excited suspicion and even alarm; but the most timid pedestrian could not suspect the motives of a householder whose immediate neighbour on one side was a peer and on the other a great London banker. The banker was irate because a German band was occasionally pressed into the service of the eccentricity next door, and discoursed in the drawing-room with a zest that made light of partitions; but the impromptu guests—mostly young clubmen wandering homewards after dinner or the theatre—greatly enjoyed half an hour with the singular personage who gave so novel and unconventional an entertainment in the very heart of orthodox Society.

There were limits, however, to this freedom, and it was, perhaps, the oddest characteristic of the man that he viewed with dignified astonishment the audacity of a stranger who chanced to look in at the wrong time. One night he was entertaining some personal friends when his eye lighted upon a visitor he did not recognise. "Do you know that fellow?" he said to one or two people. No, they did not know him. "Neither do I," remarked the host. Then he approached the offender and touched him on the arm. "Pardon me," he said. "This is a private party, to which you were not asked." "But I—I understood," stammered the other. "You understood," interrupted the host politely, "that this was one of the free evenings. That was an error. Pray allow me." He took the helpless intruder by the arm, and led him to the buffet. "Fill a tumbler with champagne," he called to a servant; then, taking the glass, he handed it to the unbidden one with a ceremonious bow. "Do me the honour to drink this." It was drunk in confusion. "Now, if you please, we will say good-night." The speechless stranger took his leave, feeling, no doubt, that he had to deal with madness, but madness that had its method, and also a polish which made argument impossible and offence absurd.

I thought of this story the other day when I found a Baronet gibbeted in a public print for having attended an evening party "uninvited." The merits of the case have not been disclosed to the world; but if the host had reason to feel outraged, I think he would have done his dignity more justice with the tumbler of champagne than he did with the avenging paragraph. The Baronet's story might put a different complexion on the social issue. He may have suffered wrong, or he may have been tempted by that spirit of romantic adventure which I hope will never desert our old nobility and our young baronetage. (I say our young baronetage, for it is no older than James I.) One of our best story-tellers has described the audacious conduct of a fascinating nobleman, who made a practice of attending evening parties "uninvited." On one occasion he calmly claimed the hand of the host's daughter for a dance, heedless of the objections that she had not seen him before, and that his name was not on her programme. Not only did he carry off the astonished damsel from her rightful partner, who happened also to be her betrothed, but he even went so far as to inform that gentleman that he was himself the happy choice of her heart and hand. If any reader wants to know how Lord Francis Charming came out of this imbroglio, and others quite as staggering, he had better invite Mr. Marriott Watson to reprint the series of delightful stories called "The Skirts of Chance" from the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Lord Francis possesses consummate address and charm—what the sprightly ladies of the Restoration Drama called "a most agreeable impudence"; and such is the narrator's art that your sympathy is enlisted by the wildest escapade. But when you throw off this glamour, and consider how the people upon whom he played these pranks would regard them in the light of common-sense, you question whether the romance is capable of practical application. An uninvited knight, for instance, even if dowered with Lord Francis Charming's good looks and dazzling assurance, might encounter nothing but strong resentment. He would then have to inquire whether this sprang from deficiency of humour, or whether it was intended as a slight to his rank in the aristocracy. Would the tolerance denied to him have been accorded to the younger son of a peer? Our social system is so constituted that sensitive spirits are always on the watch for these invidious distinctions. How much better to throw wide the gates of a lavish hospitality, and let any man enter, whether prince or commoner! At old Capulet's evening party, which Romeo attended without an invitation, Juliet thought nothing of dancing with a perfect stranger who was disguised as a pilgrim; and when Capulet found that the visitor was the son of his deadly enemy, so far from

showing anger, he invited the young man to stay for the "trifling, foolish banquet." We should not have thought old Capulet so kindly and dignified if he had inserted a paragraph in the *Verona Gazette* to complain of Romeo's intrusion.

A correspondent writes: "You are an incorrigible idealist with your nightingale at Paddington. Why not tip us a sentimental stave about the turtle-dove from Africa that was seen in St. James's Park?" Alas! I have no sentiment for the turtle-dove. That bird is associated in my memory with street-organs, for my childhood was corrupted by a popular song with a refrain like this—

My heart is broke, for I've lost my love,
And I don't know where to find her,
She's gone away from a turtle-dove
With a nasty organ-grinder!

I do not vouch for the accuracy of this quotation. Perhaps the kind reader who tells me that he always studies the "Note Book" in a Turkish bath (where the faculties are notoriously clear) will correct any trifling error. The turtle-dove in song is either frankly comic or ironically lackadaisical. How many of us have trolled this—

O dig my grave both wide and deep,
Put tomb-stones at my head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle-dove,
To signify I died of love!

That bird in St. James's Park had made its summer migration from Africa. It is not upon African tombs just now that men are carving such an emblem of love. Many a sufferer in hospital is haunted by an ideal of war—for war has its ideals, that far transcend the practical issues, and lift the fighting-man into the realm of imagination. Dr. Conan Doyle tells us that one wounded patient was found rummaging among his pillows. "I am looking for my two Victoria Crosses," he said. That, at least, was no ignoble delirium. Another man, wounded in three places, was followed into hospital by a comrade, also badly hurt, who said simply, "Put me next to Jim, 'cos I'm lookin' after him." We shall still think of these things when the controversies of this war have faded, and when excellent people at St. Petersburg cease to send me pamphlets, full of wrong-headed sincerity.

It is agreed that the war has disclosed grave defects in our military training, and the mischief is traced by some critics to our public schools. One head master complains that boys are not taught to think. All their lessons are so devised as to give them the minimum of trouble. A classic is illuminated with such copious notes that no difficult passage in Latin or Greek construction is left unexplained. Questions in the mathematical text-books are supplied with answers. The whole system is designed to make the boy depend on his memory, and not upon his intelligence. In school he is not taught to reason and observe, and it is only in the playing-fields that experience is forced upon him, and initiative takes the place of routine. This, bear in mind, is the opinion of a head master, and that something must be wrong is further suggested by Dr. Warre, of Eton, who is evidently discontented with the legend that Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of that College. The playing-fields still do the State good service, although the cricket I watched there the other day seemed to me to lack dash and vigour. But I presume that Dr. Warre is dissatisfied with what the College itself contributes to the training of the youths with childlike collars, premature hats, and indifferently turned-up trousers.

It is a large issue, on which nobody seems qualified to dogmatise. I will not even say that habits of observation must be neglected at Eton, because it has not been noticed there that the turned-up trousers "went out" some time ago. It may be that the day I was at Eton the turning up was an accident or a sudden inspiration. If so, the turning down would be an exercise of independence and imagination that could not fail to stimulate thought and action throughout the curriculum. The imitative faculty in colleges should be carefully disciplined. When Newman was at Oxford, and the observed of all observers, he suddenly appeared with one shoe turned down at the heel so as to serve as a slipper. In a day or two crowds of undergraduates went about with shoes turned down in the same way. Newman had the reasonable excuse that he suffered from a chilblain; but his admirers did not imitate the chilblain as well as the shoe.

A correspondent writes to me on the subject of London "litter." "It is largely the fault of the omnibus-ticket system. At street-corners where many omnibuses stop you are ankle-deep in castaway tickets. I always put mine in my pocket and take them home, but you can't expect the thoughtless public to be so careful. Don't you think that, as the conductor makes you take a ticket, he should be compelled to receive it back at the end of your journey, and put it in a receptacle?" I am glad that this subject is exciting intelligent interest; but I believe that the quantity of superfluous paper astray in London will not be limited until tickets and paper bags are made edible. When the omnibus-ticket is a kind of sandwich or bon-bon it will find the readiest receptacle of all.

THE WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

If a final and overwhelming proof of Lord Roberts's strategical ability were required, it would readily be found in the singular skill with which he has conducted the operations in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony since the capture of Pretoria. After his two magnificent, almost meteoric, advances upon Bloemfontein and Pretoria respectively, it compels the warmest admiration on the part of experts to watch this illustrious leader swiftly adapting himself to altogether changed conditions, and giving us an example of that patient comprehensive strategy of envelopment which only the greatest soldiers can carry out on a large scale with complete success. Situated as Lord Roberts was, the temptation to crush the enemy nearest to his hand—namely, General Botha—must have been very strong, but by wisely disregarding it he has undoubtedly hastened the conclusion of the war by many weeks. Indeed, it is not improbable that, if the gallant and resourceful De Wet had not been promptly checked, his capacity for mischief would have seriously delayed the restoration of order in a district which for months past has been least influenced by our successes, and most active in its far-reaching opposition to our arms.

Now, however, the movements of De Wet have received what bids fair to be a final check. So closely was the cordon drawn round him, especially to the north, that any attempt on his part to escape Transvaalwards appears to have been completely frustrated by the advance of British columns from the north and north-west respectively. On July 1 General Hunter, whom last week we left just across the Vaal in his advance southwards from Heidelberg, occupied Frankfort, formerly De Wet's base, and was thus within sixty miles of Bethlehem. General Clements, having left Senekal on June 28, joined General Paget on June 30, and on July 3 Paget had an important engagement with the enemy at Pleisfontein, eight miles east of Lindley. On the following day Paget reached Blaauwkrantz, fifteen miles north-west of Bethlehem. At the time of writing the latest news is to the effect that on July 4 President Steyn had escaped capture by leaving Bethlehem for Fouriesburg, between Bethlehem and Ficksburg, accompanied by De Wet and other Free State commanders, with troops amounting to about three thousand men. It is possible that a stubborn resistance will be offered in the mountainous region round Fouriesburg, but there are several clear signs that the state of the Boers in the Orange River Colony is at last becoming desperate.

On July 4 the Boers made what would appear to be a last effort to capture Ficksburg, which they attacked at midnight, but unsuccessfully. Presumably after their repulse this division of the enemy also retired to Fouriesburg, at which some six thousand Boers must now be concentrated. It is significant in this connection that before the retirement from Bethlehem the Boers had released 800 prisoners, Yeomanry and Derbyshire Militia, by putting them across the Natal border en route for Ladysmith. Such a proceeding is strong evidence of failing supplies, and at Fouriesburg, with strong British forces in front and the Basuto border behind them, the Boers' position seems truly hopeless. This view is supported by the surrender on July 8 at Heilbron of several important former Free State officials who had clung to Mr. Steyn up to the time of his leaving Bethlehem, but had evidently declined to follow him to Fouriesburg. Taken in conjunction, these circumstances indicate that if Steyn and De Wet can now make good their escape to the north, they will be "slim" indeed.

Turning to the north, we find that General Buller, whom we left last week at Standerton, has proceeded to Pretoria, which he reached on July 7. Nothing further has been heard of the two thousand Boers whom Talbot Coke located at Amersfort, to the east of Standerton, on June 29, but it may be assumed that Standerton is strongly garrisoned, with a view to preventing attacks on the railway between that place and Volksrust, and that communication between Standerton and Durban is now fairly secure. Meanwhile, Clerg's Division, advancing from Standerton, has joined hands with General Barton's force from Heidelberg, the place of meeting being Vlakfontein, near which some fighting has since been reported.

At several points the Boers appear to be threatening the railway, but are evidently hindered from doing much damage by the strength of the forces opposed to them. On July 5, Lord Roberts, finding that the enemy had been making repeated efforts to get round his right flank, despatched General Hutton with his mounted infantry to reinforce Colonel Mahon, of Mafeking Relief fame, who had been guarding this flank with the Imperial Horse, the orders to the combined force being to drive the enemy to the east of Bronkspunt. These orders were effectually carried out during July 6 and 7 by Mahon, who was attacked by some 3000 men with six guns and two Vickers-Maxims, evidently a large proportion, if not the main body, of the force under General Botha.

To the west as well as the east of Pretoria the enemy has been displaying a certain activity, but to no serious purpose. On July 7 a party of Boers called upon Major the Hon. A. H. Hanbury-Tracy, of the Blues, who commands at Rustenburg, to surrender the town and garrison. On his refusing to do so, a determined effort was made to capture the heights commanding the town. Hanbury-Tracy, however, held them in check until help arrived in the shape of a party under Colonel Holdsworth and Colonel Airie—the latter commanding a force of Bushmen—who had made a rapid march of forty-eight miles on hearing that Rustenburg was threatened. With this reinforcement the Boers were forthwith driven off.

TO ALL WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN.

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London (Euston) dep.	5.15	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45
Edinburgh (Princes St.)	5.30	6.00	6.30	7.00	7.30	8.00	8.30	9.00	9.30	10.00	10.30	11.00	11.30	12.00	12.30	1.00	1.30	2.00	2.30	3.00	3.30	4.00	4.30	5.00	5.30	6.00
Glasgow (Central) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
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Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
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Glasgow (Glasgow) dep.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15	7.45	8.15	8.45	9.15	9.45	10.15	10.45	11.15	11.45	12.15	12.45	1.15	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.45	5.15	5.45	6.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.45	6.15	6.45	7.15																						

PERSONAL.

The Queen on Monday of this week entertained at dinner a distinguished party, including the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Austrian, Italian, French, and United States Ambassadors, also the Marquis of Salisbury. On Tuesday the Queen went to Frogmore, and on Wednesday her Majesty came to London to hold her garden-party at Buckingham Palace. Friday was fixed for the Queen's departure for Osborne.

The concert organised by Miss Morfa Hughes and Miss Edith Loch, in aid of Princess Christian's Fund for Disabled Soldiers, was held on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall. Among the performers were Miss Margaret MacIntyre, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Johannes Wolff. Miss Morfa Hughes herself contributed to the programme.

Falcon Island, in the Pacific, which disappeared about two years ago, has, in the words of the comic-opera librettist, once more "hobbed up serenely from below." The island originally emerged from the sea after a volcanic eruption near Tonga, and it remained visible exactly thirteen years to a day. The Captain of H.M.S. *Porpoise* reports its reappearance. At the end of May the island was eight feet above the surface of the sea, and still rising.

The first name on the new list of Victoria Cross heroes is that of Captain FitzClarence, V.C., who in October last

year went out at the head of his partially trained Protectorate Regiment to relieve an armoured train sent from Mafeking and surrounded by the enemy. The Captain on this occasion was outnumbered, but was victorious. Again, a few days later, he made a night attack by bayonet on the enemy's trenches. The Captain was the first to gain the position, and he accounted for four Boers with his own sword. In these encounters, as well as in a later one that left him shot through both legs, he displayed a coolness of courage that General Baden-Powell deemed worthy of the distinction that is now conferred.

Mr. Clive Bigham, son of Mr. Justice Bigham, was believed to have escaped recently from Peking; but it seems that he left that city on May 23, before the danger became acute, and that an attempt to return to the city was fortunately frustrated.

Mr. Frank J. Cannon, United States Senator for Utah, attended the Fourth of July banquet at the Hotel Cecil, and surprised the company by telling them that a monarchy, however enlightened, was an instrument of tyranny. No doubt Mr. Cannon made this speech for election use in America. By this time the Democrats of Utah are telling one another with pride how their Senator bearded the British Lion in his lair. At the Hotel Cecil it was thought that Mr. Cannon was a politician with defective manners.

Captain J. B. Towse, V.C., of the Gordon Highlanders, took up a position last April on the top of Mount Thaba,

far away from support. He and his party, numbering twelve, were attacked by 150 Boers, to whom, however, they refused to surrender, and whom they drove off. Captain Towse receiving a shot which injured both his eyes. Earlier in the campaign—at Magersfontein—the same officer, true again to the best traditions of the British Army, gave devoted succour to Colonel Downman, remaining with him within the firing-line until the stretcher-bearers could remove him.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley have been nominated for the American Presidency by their respective parties. Mr. Bryan appeals to his countrymen against what he calls Imperialism. He would not give up the Philippines exactly, but he would establish a protectorate and leave the Filipinos to govern themselves. On the silver question Mr. Bryan's views are not so prominent as they were in 1896. The manifesto of the Democratic Party includes an expression of sympathy with the Boers.

The Dowager-Empress of China has more lives than the legendary cat, and more adventures than any heroine of fiction. She has been reported dead by poison, insane, and a fugitive from Peking. It is now affirmed that she has come up smiling, has resumed the reins of power, and is eager to protect the foreigners. This eagerness is rather sudden, but all the manoeuvres of this remarkable lady are unexpected.

Captain Sir John Peniston Milbanke, V.C., of the 10th Hussars, showed the fearlessness of youth during a reconnaissance near Colesberg last January. Sir John, returning home harassed by the enemy, missed a trooper whose mount was shot, rode back under fire to find him, and carried him into safety on his own horse. Sir John, who was born in October 1872, was educated at Harrow, and went out to South Africa as A.D.C. to General French. Sir John belongs to a family famous for its association with the Noels and the Byrons. Sir Thomas, the sixth Baronet, married Judith, sister and co-heiress of Thomas Noel, Viscount Wentworth, and their daughter lives on an unlucky page of history as Lady Byron. "Resolute and firm" is the motto of the Milbankes. Those words may sometimes be translated to mean stubborn. In the case of the new V.C. the motto has had the happiest possible rendering.



Photo. Knight.
CAPTAIN SIR J. P. MILBANKE,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry near Colesberg.

Thomas, the sixth Baronet, married Judith, sister and co-heiress of Thomas Noel, Viscount Wentworth, and their daughter lives on an unlucky page of history as Lady Byron. "Resolute and firm" is the motto of the Milbankes. Those words may sometimes be translated to mean stubborn. In the case of the new V.C. the motto has had the happiest possible rendering.

The popularity of the sacred poetry of the late W. Chatterton Dix finds sufficient testimony in the reissue of his poem "Days of First Love," a work of lofty devotional feeling. The poem is somewhat more mystical, perhaps, than the pieces usually associated with the author's name; but this quality will commend it to many readers. Messrs. Barclay and Fry are the publishers.

The action at Koon Spruit on the last day of March has been marked by the provisional bestowal of several

Victoria Crosses at the hands of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief. The enemy had made an ambush, and it was an ambush into which the greater portion of the baggage column and five out of the six guns of the leading battery had fallen, when the Q Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, under command of Major Phipps-Hornby, when within 300 yards of the spruit, wheeled round about and galloped off under a heavy fire. One gun upset, and had to be abandoned, and so had a wagon. But the rest got into a position 1150 yards away, and kept in action till ordered to retire. The Major attained his rank in 1895.

Lord Curzon says that the Indian famine grows steadily worse. Six million people are in receipt of relief. At present the Mansion House Fund amounts to little more than £320,000. It ought to be more than double that figure.

The selection of recipients of the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross is usually a matter for the Commanding Officer alone; but in the case of the honours with which we are at present dealing, a noteworthy departure has been made from hard and fast rules. The method chosen is a striking testimony to the confidence the Commander-in-Chief reposes in his subordinates.

Another name in the roll of honour who has been awarded the V.C. by acclamation of his peers for Koon Spruit is that of Sergeant Parker. All concerned in the Koon Spruit affair deserved equal praise in the opinion of Lord Roberts, and, after the fullest consideration, he came to the conclusion that, as the bravery of no one man could be ranked higher than that of another, the case of the battery should be treated collectively under Rule 13 of the Victoria Cross warrant. This meant that one officer must be selected by the officers for the decoration, one non-commissioned officer by the non-commissioned officers, and two gunners or drivers by the gunners and drivers. A ballot was taken accordingly, and Sergeant Charles Parker was honoured by his fellow non-commissioned officers by being elected by them.



Photo. Charleston.
SERGEANT PARKER,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Koon Spruit.

Another attempt has been made by the military party in France to overturn the Government. This arose out of the retirement of General Jamont, the French Commander-in-Chief, who came into collision with the Minister of War. Like his predecessor, General André refuses to stand the insubordination of French officers, however highly placed. The hopes of the military party are built upon this insubordination. Hence a struggle which may reach a dangerous climax at any moment.

It is confidently expected that Lord Hopetoun will be the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth. The Earl, who has been for some time Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, was previously a Tory Whip and a Lord-in-Waiting. He succeeded to the title when he was thirteen.

Black Rod, Sir Michael Biddulph, has been called upon twice this week to summon the Commons to the Bar of the House of Peers in order that they might listen to the reading of a Royal Commission. It is uncommon for two Commissions to give her Majesty's consent to Acts of Parliament to occur in one week, but two on successive days is believed to be unique. It was felt that it would not be quite dignified to place the final seal upon the Australian Commonwealth Bill among a number of less important measures.

The pride of a Victoria Cross man is very intelligible. Intelligible, too, is his humility; and the case of the

Q Battery and its nominations is a terse illustration of what may be called a very general experience. The recipient of the coveted Cross for Valour is aware that he is in some ways a man in luck, and that the deed specially signalled no more exhausts the daring doings of the campaign than the Court Guide exhausts the people of England. These are heroes who have been discovered—caught red-handed in the act of bravery. They stand for themselves, but they stand also for all their undecorated brothers; and their glory, great as it personally is, is that also of their regiment, of the Army in general, of the whole nation. In the case of the Q Battery at Koon Spruit, this theory of general bravery was openly set forth; and when Gunner Isaac Lodge was chosen by his fellow-gunners for the award, he was paid an almost unique personal compliment by men as heroic as himself.

Sipido has escaped punishment, and is now in Paris. It was expected that the Belgian Government would put him in a reformatory until he was twenty-one, but he was hastily removed from the country by his parents, who talk of apprenticing him to an engineer in France. This is a pity, for Paris is by no means a reformatory for crack-brained boys.

Driver Horace Harry Glasscock, who was chosen by his own grade in his battery for the Victoria Cross, has since Koon Spruit added to his record by being wounded severely in action with Colonel Broadwood's Brigade. To wounds he may be said to be by now almost accustomed. On the last day of March, at Koon Spruit, he received injuries from which he made a surprising recovery, and was, therefore, able to be paraded before Lord Roberts, himself a V.C., and praised publicly for his great gallantry; and then to be sent again to the front, with the expected result that he was once more brought into hospital with severe wounds, from which his countrymen all wish him another quick recovery.

Under the patronage of Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duke of Argyll, a garden fête is to be given by the Stoke Poges Division of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association in Stoke Park, on Thursday, July 26. Many distinguished people have given their support to the gathering.

Mr. Te Water, formerly a member of the Schreiner Ministry at the Cape, is reported to have made a speech at Graaf Reinet, in which he said that the Cape Afrikaners ought to have prevented the war by refusing to allow the Imperial Government to use Cape Colony as a military base. This means that Mr. Te Water regrets that the colony did not rebel. We can now understand why Mr. Schreiner has broken with the Afrikaner Bond. Mr. Te Water does not appreciate the privilege of citizenship in a British colony. Had he made such a speech in a German colony he would have been prosecuted for treason.



Photo. Charleston.
GUNNER LODGE,
Awarded V.C. for gallantry at Koon Spruit.



Photo. Charleston.
DRIVER H. H. GLASSCOCK,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Koon Spruit.



Photo. Bassano.
CAPTAIN FITZCLARENCE,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry near Mafeking.



Photo. W. W. Winter.
CAPTAIN E. B. TOWSE,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Magersfontein and Mount Thaba.

THE INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC SPORTS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.



MR. D. MORGAN, IRISH A.A.C.: 2ND, PUTTING THE WEIGHT.
WINNER, MR. R. SHELTON, NEW YORK A.C., PUT 45 FT. 10½ IN.



MR. JOHN J. FLANAGAN, NEW YORK A.C.:
WINNER THROWING THE HAMMER (163 FT. 1 IN.; RECORD).

The Amateur Athletic Association's International Championship Meeting was held on July 7 at the ground of the London Athletic Club, Stamford Bridge. The Americans entered for every event except the walk, and had the good fortune to carry off eight out of the thirteen events with the trophies attached to them. If the meeting

the Englishmen remaining victors in the half-mile, the mile, the four miles, and the walk. By far the finest performance of the meeting was that of Kraenzlein, who created a record in the hurdles. No such achievement in a similar event has ever been seen in this country, and his victory goes far to justify the claim that his friends make

high jump of Baxter brought honour to Pennsylvania University. Johnson, of New York, excelled in the pole-jump, while Duffy, of Georgetown University, who did the 100 yards in 10 seconds; Long, of New York, who won the quarter-mile in 49 4-5 seconds; and Sheldon, who put the weight 45 ft. 10½ in., were the most



MR. H. JOHNSON, NEW YORK A.C.:
WINNER OF POLE JUMP (11 FT. 4 IN.)



MR. J. K. BAXTER, PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY:
WINNER OF HIGH JUMP (5 FT. 7½ IN.)

proved anything, it was undeniably that in hurdles, quarter-mile, and sprint the English athletes were very much below the form of previous seasons. In the middle and long distance races, however, the Englishmen proved themselves superior. The 100 yards race, the hurdles, the quarter-mile, and the steeplechase fell to the visitors,

for him—that he is the finest all-round athlete in the world. His time was 15 2-5 seconds, and the performance was made against a man capable of doing 16 seconds. Kraenzlein thus created a world's record on a grass track. Flanagan, of New York, created another record by his performance in throwing the hammer, and the splendid

distinguished contributors to the American triumph. Tysoe, of Salford, in the half-mile; Bennett, Finchley Harriers, in the mile; Rimmer, of Southport, in the four-mile; Sturgess in the four-mile walk; and Robinson, of Northampton, in the steeplechase, capably upheld the honour of England.



MR. M. W. LONG, NEW YORK A.C. (No. 16):
WINNER OF QUARTER MILE (49 4-5 SEC.).



MR. A. C. KRAENZLEIN, PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY:
WINNER OF LONG JUMP (22 FT. 10½ IN.) AND 120 YARDS HURDLES (15 2-5 SEC.; RECORD).

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION.

On July 10 the Naval Mobilisation was held on the Parade Ground, Portsmouth Naval Depot, before the Duke of York, Admiral Sir Michael Calme-Seymour, and Sir Charles Cast. The Duke of York, who was in his Captain's uniform, was met by Captain Hamilton, and proceeded to the saluting-point. Each ship's company wheeled past the Duke and his attendant officers, and then proceeded straight to its vessel. The ships commissioned for the coming manoeuvres were the *Gladiator*, the *Naiad*, the *Gibraltar*, the *Sultan* for A Fleet; the *Brilliant*, the *Ariadne*, and the *Hecla* for B Fleet. Stores were immediately got on board, and the vessels, after adjusting of compasses and a short steam trial, left for their destinations. Mobilisations have also taken place at Devonport and Chatham. Each ship's company was mustered separately, and the march past was performed to the music of the Marine fife and drums. The men in their white working rig looked very trim and smart as they stepped out briskly in the sunshine.

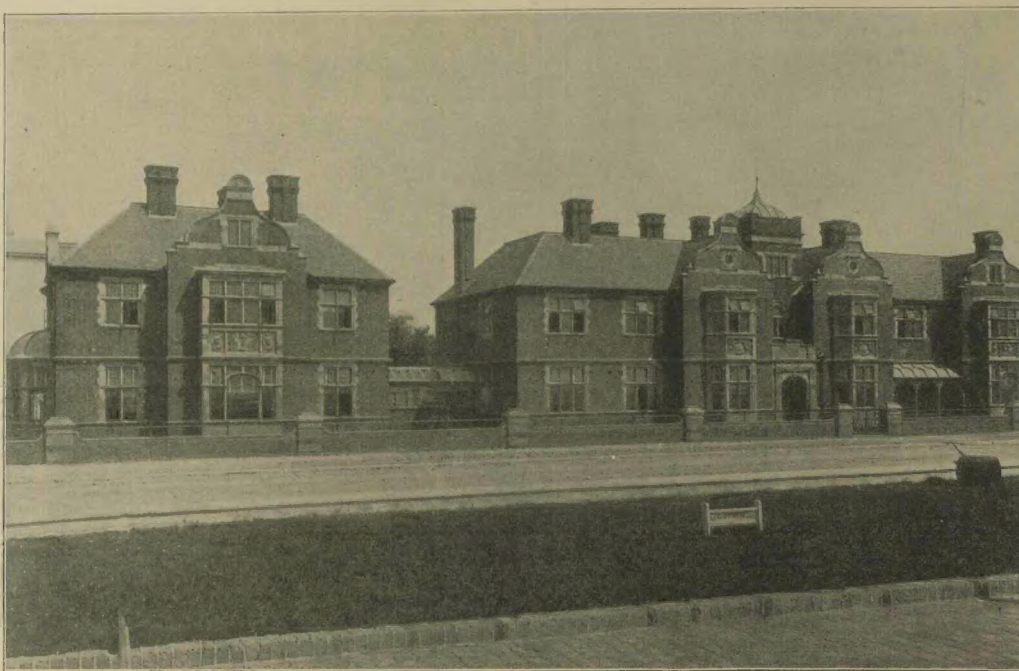
TRANSVAAL WAR PICTURES.

The officers of the Mafeking Relief Column form the subject of an interesting portrait group in our present issue. The column was composed of 1100 men, 1200 horses, four R.H.A. guns, two quick-firing guns, three Maxims, and about eighty wagons, all mule transport. It covered a distance of 225 miles in ten days, when it joined hands with Colonel Plumer's column on the Molopo River. The column rested there twenty-four hours to allow the rest of Colonel Plumer's force to come up, when the combined columns fought their way into Mafeking the following day. How Mafeking Day was celebrated in Melbourne is shown elsewhere. Other war-pictures

THE ASHANTI RISING.

Our first drawing of actual events in the present Ashanti crisis has reached us by the latest mail. It represents Colonel Carter (who was wounded in his attempt to relieve Kumasi, and is now invalided home) giving directions at

Story, Major Gilbert, and Colonel Forrest, the Commandant; Lord and Lady Falkland, the Hon. Conrad and Mrs. Dillon, and three members of the House of Commons interested in Service matters—Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Causton, and Mr. Cameron Corbett. The list of sports, containing thirty-two items, included competitions in



THE PRINCESS MARY MEMORIAL AND VICTORIA HOMES, OPENED AT BOGNOR BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON JULY 9.

There are two new Homes, one of which has been erected as a memorial to the late Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, while the other is the Victoria Convalescent Home for Surrey Women, a Diamond Jubilee memorial of the Queen's reign. At the cost of nearly £30,000 Mr. Max Wachter has provided the land, the buildings, and the furniture, so that the public subscriptions, amounting to many thousands of pounds, can be devoted to the purposes of endowment.

Fumusu. Colonel Carter reached Fumusu on May 31, and received his wound on June 6. With him he had five other white officers, and his force consisted of three hundred men of the 2nd and 3rd West African Field Force. They were accompanied by two medical officers and one intelligence and transport officer. The force had one 7-pounder gun, two Maxims, and a rocket tube. The house shown in our Illustration is typical of Ashanti native dwellings. These consist of four three-sided rooms arranged in a square, the open sides looking inwards towards the court, which is entered at one corner. The floors, of dried clay, are raised above the ground; the walls are made of sticks tied together, and the spaces filled with mud or sun-dried bricks. The roof is covered with cocoa-nut leaf thatch.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.

The annual fête and athletic sports of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Chelsea, were held the other

guns there was a professional air about them which made the Inspecting Officer smile his approval.

PARLIAMENT.

The Government has consented to enlarge the Committee of Inquiry into the Hospital Management in South Africa. This conclusion was reached after a debate on a motion for the adjournment of the House. Mr. Labouchere complained that the Government had appointed a Committee of three only, two of the members being medical experts, and the third a Judge. A Judge, in Mr. Labouchere's opinion, was not a man of business, and men of business were more necessary in such an inquiry than medical experts. Mr. Burdett-Coutts thought that, as he had brought the subject before the country, he ought to have an opportunity of cross-examining witnesses who would be called to testify as to his charges against the hospital administration. Mr. Balfour made a strong attack on Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and declared that the Government did not think it



BAY FILLY BY PERSIMMON—ORNAMENT, BOUGHT BY MR. R. SIEVIER FOR 10,000 GUINEAS.



BAY COLT BY ORME—KISSING CUP, BOUGHT BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER FOR 3000 GUINEAS.

THE "RECORD PRICE" BLOOD STOCK SALE AT NEWMARKET.

include the wreck of the Laing's Nek Tunnel, a page of "Trophies and Souvenirs," and a spirited double-page drawing of Lord Dundonald's cavalry charging through the burning veldt, their gallantry rendering futile the Boers' cunning device to impede their movements.

afternoon in its own grounds. Among those present were Countess Grosvenor, attending on behalf of her husband; Mr. George Wyndham, the Under-Secretary for War; Generals Sir Frederick Stephenson, Sir Martin Dillon, and Sir Henry Bulwer, Admiral Lucas, V.C., Colonel

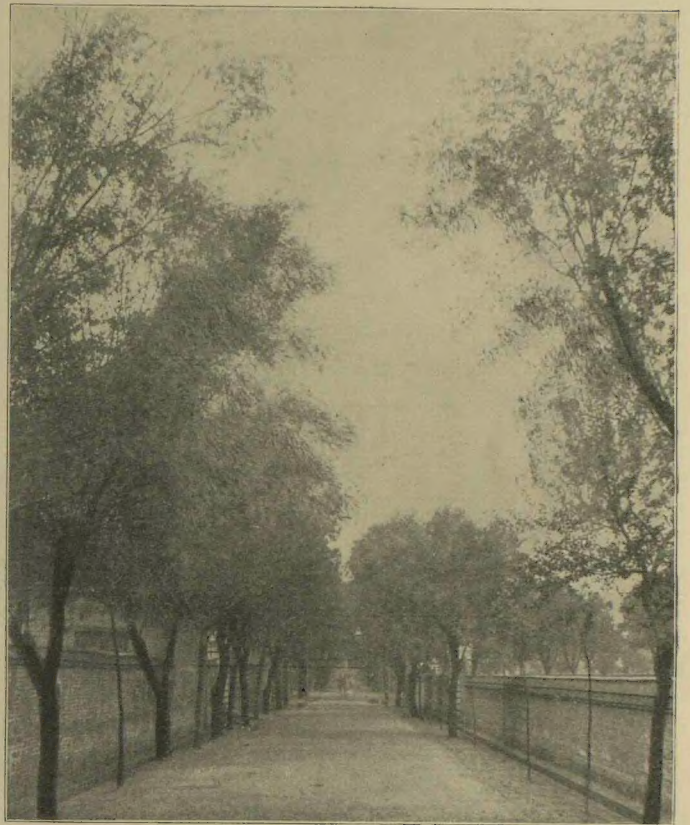
necessary to consult or consider him in any way. Several members on the Unionist benches maintained that the composition of the Committee was unsatisfactory, and Mr. Balfour then deferred to the feeling of the House, and announced that two more members would be added.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES AT TIENTSIN.



HEADS OF CRIMINALS ON THE RIVER BANK.

The heads are exposed in bamboo cages as a terror to evil-doers.



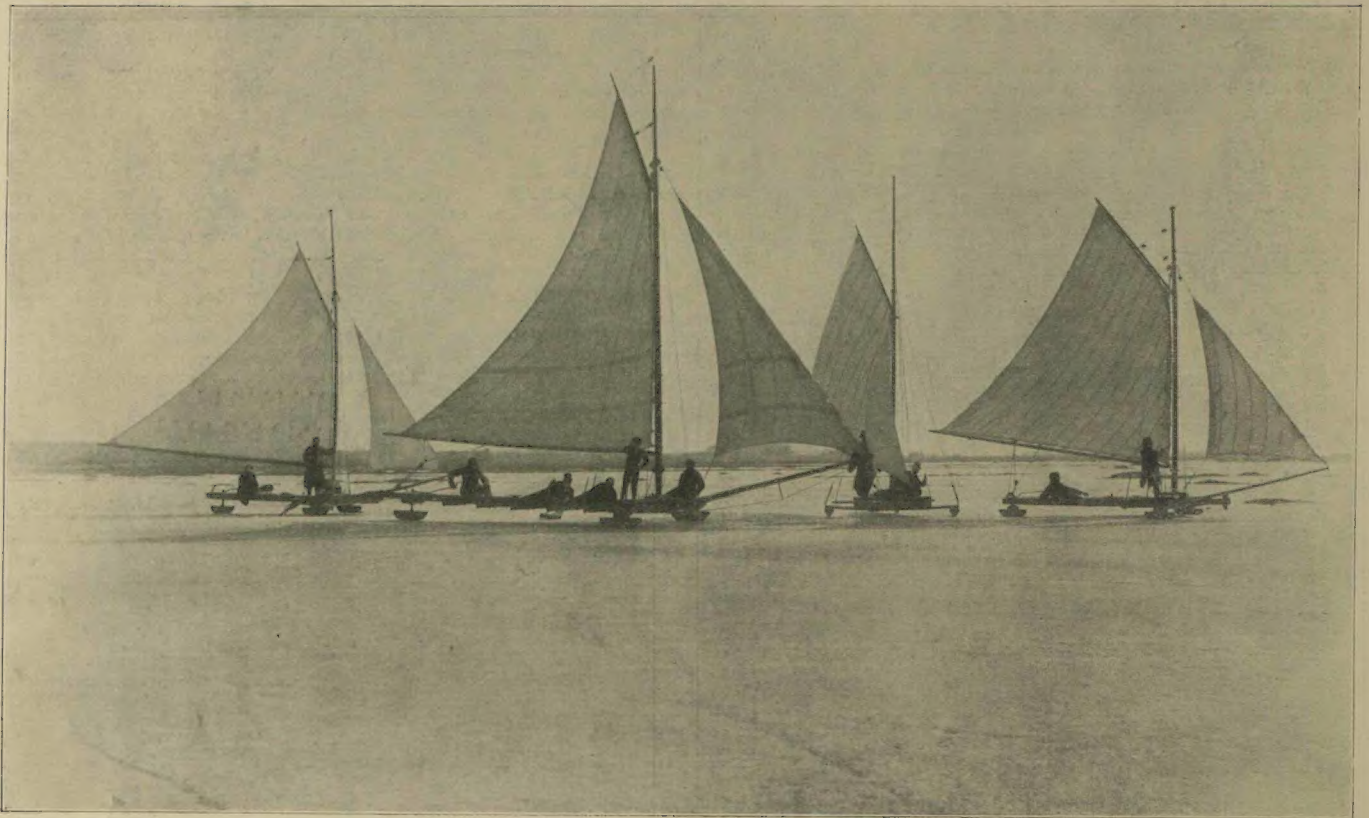
STREET IN THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT.

The "concession," or foreigners' quarter, of Tientsin has quite a European aspect. Here all the Consuls reside.



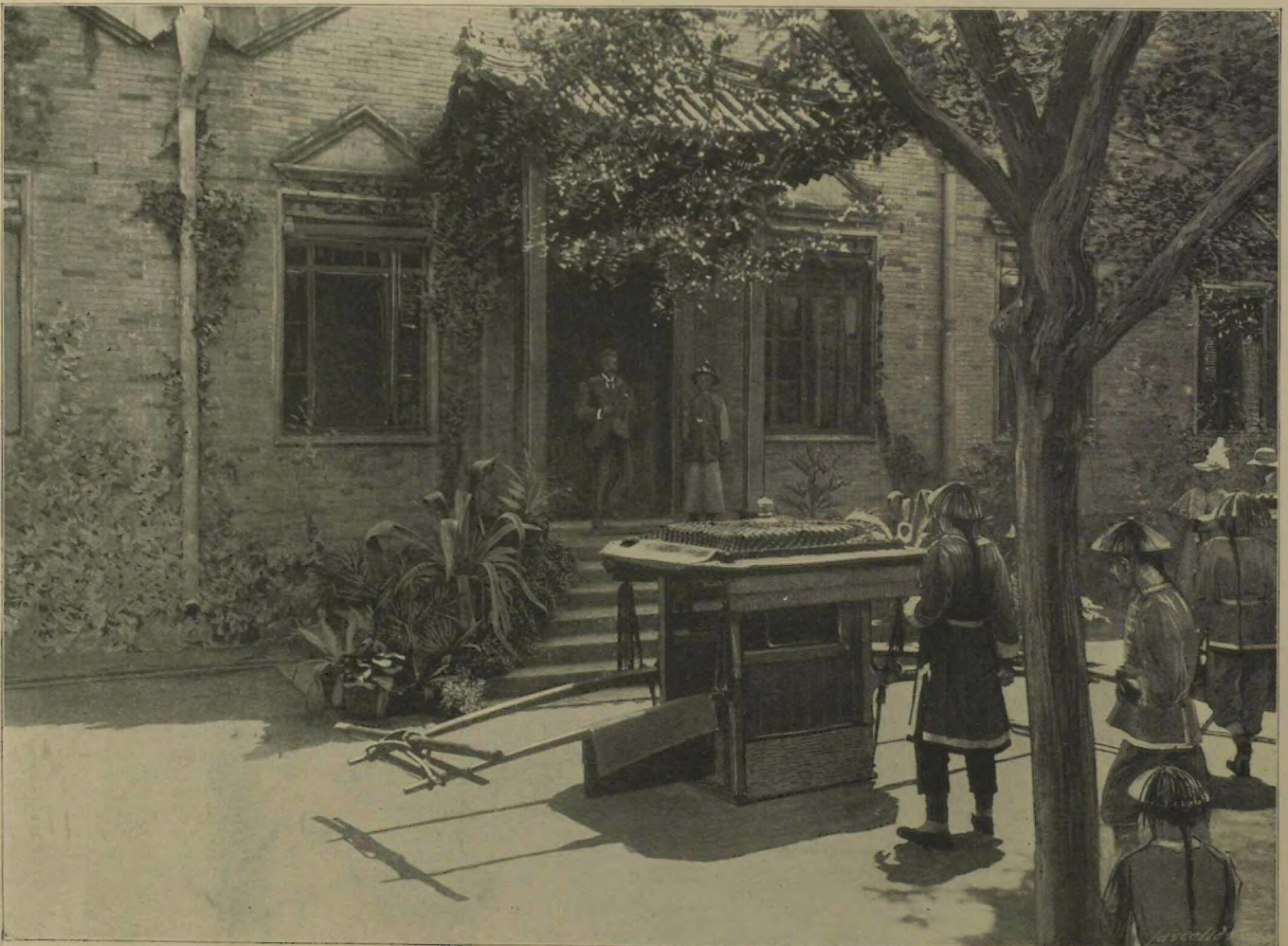
CHINESE SOLDIERS, DRILLED AND EQUIPPED ON MODERN LINES, AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

WINTER AND SUMMER SCENES IN CHINA.



ICE-BOATS ON THE TIENTSIN PLAIN AFTER AN INUNDATION OF THE PEI-HO.

The Pei-ho River is frozen from the middle of December to the middle of March. A large traffic is carried on by means of sledges, and Europeans enjoy the sport of ice-sailing.



THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN PEKING.

The use of the chair or palanquin for travelling is reserved for officials of the highest rank.



The TENANT of the FRIARY

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

I.

IT was October, damp and foggy, a cold that, in spite of blazing fires, crept into the house and stayed there. Raymond had driven into Exton, our market town, and I had given him so many commissions to execute that I knew he would be late in returning. There was a good deal of sickness in the village, chiefly among my especial charge, the old women. I had been first in one cottage, then in another, all the afternoon, and had just taken off my damp wraps and sat down before my cosy tea-table.

There was a ring at the front door.

"If you please, Ma'am, Esther Gay has come from the Friary; the housekeeper sent her. I told her the Rector was out, but she wants to see you, Ma'am."

I stared; Mr. Wayle, of the Friary, a tall, foreign-looking man, with dark eyes and fair hair, had come to Saybourne about six months ago; he drove over one day from Exton to the old weather-beaten house, nearly a mile from the church, which had been empty for several years; tradition said it had once belonged to a brotherhood of Franciscans, and from them had been called the Friary.

Mr. Wayle looked at the old place, and told the agent who came with him that he wished it repaired and set in order as quickly as possible; some of the rooms were to be furnished for immediate occupation.

He had lived there ever since, alone with an old housekeeper. I had never seen her, for neither she nor her master came to church. Raymond called at the Friary, so did our Squire, Mr. Stenson, but they were not admitted; the woman told them civilly that Mr. Wayle did not receive visitors. So the tenant of the Friary was left to himself. I had almost forgotten that he lived less than a mile away, when Prudence brought me this message, and then showed in little Esther Gay. The child was very shy, but I gathered that the message was urgent. "I was bid ask the lady to come for the love of God, Ma'am."

It was growing darker every moment; but I drank some tea and gave a cup to poor scared Esther, whose blue eyes looked staring and terrified.

As we went up the narrow lane, nearly opposite the Warrens, I questioned the child.

She said she believed Mr. Wayle was ill, but she did not know for certain. She went every morning to take milk to the Friary; after that she went on errands—that was all—and she "was paid reg'lar."

It was now too dark to see anything distinctly, but I knew that the dismal low-roofed house was surrounded by a flint-stone wall, and that the only entrance was by a narrow arched door. Esther guided me to this, and pushed it open; she stood aside for me to go in, but I told her to lead the way.

We crossed a roughly paved courtyard to where the light of a candle flickered in the damp atmosphere. By this faint light I made out the figure of a tall, high-shouldered woman: she bent forward and I saw her face. I started. It was a man's face, not a woman's; stern and masterful in expression, it showed no womanly qualities.

Her voice sounded harsh as she greeted me, though the tone was civil.

"Is it the lady from the Rectory? I thank you, Madam, for coming to me in my trouble. Walk in, please; there are two steps."

I followed her into a stone-floored room: there was a nearly burnt-out fire on the wide hearth. The woman lighted a lamp



She placed the apron, tied it behind me, and then set the cap on my head.

that hung from the ceiling. Then I saw the walls were of rough stone, and the roof was vaulted; a stone column reached from the floor to the highest point of the roof.

But the housekeeper gave me scant time for observation.

"You wonder why I sent for you?" she said.

"Yes; are you ill?"

"No, Madam, it is Mr. Wayne; he says he has had this illness before, but I have not seen him so. I fear he is dying."

"You have sent for the doctor?"

"No, Madam, that is why I sent for you. I know nothing about illness. The child and others say that you do wonders for the sick villagers. Mr. Wayne forbids me to send for the doctor; but I cannot let him die—he must not."

She pressed her hands together.

"I am going to say you are the nurse—he bid me send for one. When you have seen him you will persuade him to call in the doctor if you cannot cure him yourself. You will do what I ask, Madam?—you must if you are as good as they tell me."

There was passionate earnestness in her voice.

I felt that I ought to help her, and yet I seemed to be in a most unreal predicament. What would Raymond think? And then an idea came to me.

"I cannot help your patient as the doctor could help him. I will go and fetch him for you at once. Shall the doctor come also?"

"Certainly not, Madam. If you will help me, you have only to take off your hat; he will accept you as a nurse if you put on this cap and apron." She took them from the table and held them out to me. "If you are really good, you will do this."

My reason made a strong protest, but I felt like a rush before the woman's determination. I mechanically took off my hat; she placed the apron, tied it behind me, and then set the cap on my head.

"Now will you come with me to his room?"

Against my wish, I followed her and passed into a room some way along a stone passage.

II.

I had become aware that there was some strong impelling will in the weird place, and the sight before me revealed its mainspring. The room I now entered was gloomy and low-roofed; on the right, close to the door, was a blazing fire which gave more light than the lamp on a table. Between the hearth and the table, about midway in the room, was a large four-post bedstead; its heavy green hangings absorbed the light. But only half saw these things: the figure leaning against the bed at once drew my attention.

I had seen that Mr. Wayne was tall and fair-haired when he arrived in Saybourne; now he looked even taller than I had thought him, wrapped in a loose fawn-coloured dressing-gown. He seemed in great pain; his face was convulsed, and his hands snatched at the bedclothes as if he tried to tear them. He took no notice of our entrance.

There was a smothered cry, and if he had not saved himself by clinging to the strong, square pillar at the bed-foot, he must have fallen on the floor.

"Help me!" the woman whispered.

Between us we managed to put him on the bed, and she drew a blanket over him. For some time he lay there apparently unconscious. When he at last opened his eyes the woman was bending over him, holding to his nose a bottle of smelling-salts I had brought with me.

"You!"—his voice was full of contempt—"I sent you away. I bade you go and get a nurse to take your place."

The woman looked eagerly at me. I went up to the bed.

"Only say what you wish done, Sir; I am here to do it," I said. I had guessed at the cause of his suffering: only a year before, one of our old women had died of heart disease, and I had been often with her through times of terrible pain.

Mr. Wayne did not answer me: he closed his eyes with a sort of gasp.

The woman stood out of sight at the foot of the bed; I went to her and told her what I needed: I whispered that if she would bring these things I would meanwhile stay with her patient. He lay perfectly quiet, but I felt sure he was not asleep.

Raymond says I am a born nurse. Certainly, when I saw that terrible agony in Mr. Wayne's face I felt I could not leave him till he was better: I decided, while I sat beside him, not to send for Dr. Dacre unless another attack came. That strong, stern face on the pillow, the firm, compressed lips and inflexible brows, warned me that to cross such a man's will at such a time might hasten the end, which I feared was not far off.

The woman had returned. He took the brandy I offered without opening his eyes, though the red, swollen eyelids quivered. More than once he sighed heavily. At last he slept.

The woman had stood out of his sight, as still as a tall black statue. Now that I could venture, I went to her, touched her arm, and led the way out of the room. She

pushed past me and went on to the vaulted room we had quitted; she threw a fresh log on the dying fire and turned up the lamp.

I saw that she was completely changed: her proud head drooped; she seemed ashamed.

"I must send a note to the Rectory," I said.

"I did not bid Esther stay, Madam; there is no one to take your note."

"You must take it, or I cannot stay with Mr. Wayne."

"You mean that you will stay alone with him? You are not afraid?"

"I am not afraid."

I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote to Raymond. I gave it to the woman; and also a few lines to Prudence, bidding her give the bearer the things I asked for. I then went back to my patient.

His dark eyes were wide open, they were full of suspicion.

"What has she told you?" he said harshly.

I smiled at him.

"She told me you were very ill, and that I must try to help you. Oh, yes, she also said you refuse to see a doctor."

He stared hard at me. If he had not looked so ghastly I should have thought him handsome; his features were so finely cut, and his large dark eyes were so expressive.

"You look truthful; but you are a woman. Are you sure Juana did not tell you she had displeased me?"

His voice was very faint, but he spoke distinctly. I heard every word.

"I heard you tell her to go, otherwise I know nothing. Now, if you please, I want you to sleep—"

He moved restlessly. A long silence followed, but he did not sleep. He presently raised his head, and I put some pillows under it.

He murmured "Thank you! Can you write, nurse? I mean write from dictation—you will find writing things in that bureau."

He looked to the right, beyond the bed; and going there, I found an old-fashioned bureau in a deep recess in the wall.

"Bring paper and ink to this table; now open the door, and make sure that no one listens."

He spoke decidedly but civilly; my fear of him lessened. At first the pain, I suppose, had made his manner very harsh; now there was a sort of fascination about him.

I looked out into the passage, though I knew the housekeeper had gone to the Rectory.

"I cannot trust my old servant," he said sadly; "she has ruined my life and another's by her wilfulness. Now," very abruptly, "are you ready?"

III.

"My wife."

The words made me start. When I had written them, I looked up.

He was frowning, and his lips looked sarcastic as he went on.

"I made a grave mistake in leaving you; I knew it long ago. You will say, 'Why have you not returned?' I could have given you more than one answer, but not a true one; I did not know the truth about myself. Even when I listened to assertions which justified my action, I did not believe them; now I know them for lies, and I loathe the wretch who uttered them. I write to tell you, my sweet, my blameless Nancy, I am dying—" He checked himself. When he went on, the deep tenderness had gone out of his voice. "Have you written it all?" he asked abruptly.

I bent my head in answer, and kept it bent over the paper that he might feel himself unobserved.

He paused—when he spoke again, his breath came in frequent gasps.

"I am dying, my wife; only within the last hour has the mist that darkened my judgment cleared away. I know now that I have not gone back to my happiness, because I could not stoop to ask your pardon. You would give it without my asking. Sweet loving heart, I know it, but that would be injustice—I could not suffer that. Farewell, my wife! In our few weeks of union you proved yourself a perfect helpmate. You will surely find a worthier partner for your future life. I leave you all I have; my lawyers will spare you all difficulty, and will care for your welfare; they know where to find you. I write to the convent in which I left you. I know you are waiting there patiently for me, sweet. My reverend cousin, the Superior, will have cared for you and spared you all attempts at conversion."

He closed his eyes and lay still, except for his laboured breathing. I waited, wondering whether he would sign the letter. I wondered, too, how late it was; I could not see a clock, and I had not my watch with me. At last I saw his eyelids move.

"Add this"—his voice was very faint: "Do not keep Juana with you: she is not wicked, but she is a fanatic. She feared marriage with a heretic would endanger my worthless soul, so she told lies to save it. She would not harm you, beloved, but she strove to part us. Farewell, my sweet, my pure-hearted wife."

Another long pause—then he said:

"Give me the pen, nurse; I will sign."

His fingers were too feeble; I guided them, and he signed a very shaky "Julian Wayne."

He was so white and faint that I had once more to give him some of the brandy Juana had brought me. I had gathered from the letter that he was a Romanist, and this accounted for his avoidance of my husband; but this, I reflected, need not keep the doctor away, and I determined to get leave from him to send for Dr. Dacre. I was young then, and far more sanguine than I am now about the success of a purpose. I asked presently if I should put the letter in an envelope and address it?

Instead of answering he lay still, I saw he was examining me through his half-closed eyelids.

"I suppose it has to be. I must trust you; it will be to your advantage to keep my secret. Juana will see that you are well paid. You have gathered that this letter is to be kept from her knowledge?"

My face was towards him, and I felt a flush rise on it. I knew that he could see this, for I had drawn the lamp nearer before I began to write.

"Why do you not answer me?" He said this louder and very sharply.

"Your secret is safe with me, Sir, but, perhaps, you are not so ill as you think. I believe our clever doctor can help you very much. I have known him cure, for the time, such a case as yours."

I saw a kind of wild light flash into his sunken eyes, but he took no other notice of my suggestion.

"Will you not see the doctor before I go to post this letter, Sir? When you are better Mrs. Wayne could come here and nurse you herself."

The words slipped out.

My own boldness frightened me more than the sneer it brought on his pale lips.

"I see," he said slowly, "the nurse is the doctor's ally, and blows his trumpet. No, my good girl, I prefer a natural ending. You need not, however, post that letter till—till—I bid you do so. Write the address to-night, and then keep it in your pocket till you drop it in the post-office."

He closed his eyes, as much as to say the subject was ended.

IV.

I suppose I have been very fortunate. I have had to do with irritable and angry people, with those who were sullen and obstinate, and, when I was a child, with an old aunt who made a constant practice of contradicting me (and everyone else), because she said, "the rising generation is so presumptuous." But among all these tempers I had never seen such a sneer as Mr. Wayne's. It seemed to me that this poor suffering man was as ill mentally as he was bodily, and I shrank from the self-sufficing pride that looked out of his eyes; it was a great relief when at last he slept.

How long that night seemed! Before night began, Raymond came. Juana made him a sort of bed in the vaulted room, and it greatly comforted me to feel that he was so near.

My patient did not sleep for long, he was so fevered and restless; but when the pale blue of dawn glimmered behind the window-curtains, the sound of his breathing told me he slept.

I suppose I was very tired, for after that came a blank. I awoke with a start. The sunshine was trying to fill the room; but between the window curtains and me stood the tall figure of Juana, her face drawn and puckered with anger. She firmly clasped my wrist and pointed to the door.

"What does this mean, Madam?" she said as soon as we were in the passage; "that man there"—she nodded towards the vaulted room—"says he will drive me to the station when I am ready. How can he know I am not wanted here? He has not seen Mr. Wayne."

Her eyes were fiery with anger.

"Hush! Mr. Wayne told you to leave him, and to send someone in your place."

She would hardly let me finish.

"Yes; but I will not trouble or vex him. Do you think, Madam, he can tolerate dull English cookery, without sauce or flavour? Who but I can make his bed as he would have it, or twenty other things he is accustomed to? Ah! you do not know him. He has no living soul to care for him except Juana, and Juana stays here to close his eyes."

I hesitated. I knew she must go, and if I gave her any hope of his recovery, we might not be able to get rid of her.

"He wishes you to go," I said doggedly.

She flung up her long arms, clasped her hands over her head, and stood with closed eyes, thinking.

She presently opened her eyes. Without looking at me, she said—

"Will you promise, Madam, to send me news every day?" I bent my head. "Then I will go to Exton and wait for what happens; he may recall me sooner than you expect."

I shrank from her look of triumph; it made me shiver. I told myself, however, that I had seen little of the woman, and probably misread her expression. In our few minutes' talk overnight, Raymond told me he could not leave me

alone with Juana at the Friary. He promised to send me up a woman from the village who knew how to cook.

I cannot tell whether my patient guessed that Juana had left the Friary, but he became much quieter.

He surprised me in the afternoon by saying he would see the doctor. I left him to find a messenger. To my great comfort I found Prudence in the vaulted room. Raymond had sent her to me with a woman who could cook.

Dr. Daere stayed some time with his patient. He came out smiling, and told me it was a hopeful case. He was now going to fetch a nurse to replace me, and he said Mr. Wayle was very grateful for all that had been done for him.

"Oh, by-the-bye, I am to say he does not wish his letter posted—he will tell you why himself; but, Mrs. Harte, I am now in command, and I shall drive you home at once, or I shall have you for a patient; you are quite overdone. I'll tell Prudence what she's to do till the nurse arrives."

I tried to remonstrate, but I was cut short.

Mr. Wayle waited till he heard the doctor drive away, and then:

"You will think me a sadly greedy person, I fear; yet I have a conviction that you are always willing to help others."

I laughed, but I felt very nervous; his narrow, dark eyes seemed to be reading my thoughts.

"We all help or hinder others, do we not?" I said.

"Not of necessity; that is the great error—whereas, if everyone studied his own way more carefully, without considering its effect on any but himself, how much friction would be avoided! Friction is the bane of life. And yet you will justly say that I contradict myself, for I have to ask you entirely to forget yourself and to come to my assistance."

"I will gladly help you if I can."

The instant I had spoken I saw that I had been rash. This strange, cynical man was not a person whose requirements could implicitly be trusted.

"It is the result of your own suggestion," he said with another of his magical smiles—it seems foolish to say so, but, against my will, my prejudices softened under it.

"or did I only dream that my kind, gentle nurse gave me hope of recovery and of my wife's help in nursing me?"

ECCESTASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London has recently expressed the view that the principles of Christianity have permeated England to a greater degree than they have permeated any other country. There has been lately an enormous increase of clerical activity and work and zeal, but all that was useless in itself unless carried with it a corresponding amount of lay activity also.

There was a discussion in the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury on the Declaration lately put out by the English Church Union. The Dean of Windsor complained that the Declaration counselled insubordination on the part of the clergy towards their spiritual rulers. Bishop Barry emphasised the point that, in his opinion, the Declaration was something like the usurpation of Synodical thought and action. The English Church Union was vindicated by Prebendary Villiers and Canon Rhodes Bristow.

Archbishop Maclagan has been referring to the present difficulty of supplying the ranks of the ministry. He has,



The words made me start. When I had written them, I looked up.

"Now, look here, Mrs. Harte, if you are to accomplish all that my patient requires from you, you must take care of yourself for a couple of days, and you must do as you are bid."

V.

In the morning Dr. Daere called, and I went with him to the Friary. I felt far more timid at the prospect of my interview than I had felt yesterday in my nurse's costume, for during the night I had become aware how entirely out of sympathy I was with my patient.

We found him up and dressed, certainly a very striking-looking person. He received me courteously, and with repeated thanks; and yet he seemed to me to sneer behind his proud, cold smile.

He looked hard at Dr. Daere.

"I hope to see you again later, doctor; for the present I want to persuade Mrs. Harte to add to her kindness by giving me a quarter of an hour's talk; will you not?"

He spoke so winningly that I understood the fascination of manner I had already observed. It seemed to me that here was a man who could win liking when he needed it for his own uses. This sort of smile was very different from that with which he had greeted us. His eyes went from me to Dr. Daere, and I saw that my kind, genial friend was also conquered by that singularly sweet smile.

I sometimes jump at sudden conclusions; I felt now that I had guessed his meaning, and that he had determined to ask me to find his wife and bring her to the Friary. The letter he had dictated was addressed to a convent in Normandy, and at some distance from Dieppe. I had never crossed the sea, and the idea of such a proposal alarmed me.

My face, I suppose, told him this, for once more he smiled.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Harte, I know I am going to ask too much; and yet, when you think of that sad young life, my request seems rightful; indeed"—he shrugged his shoulders—"there is no other way. I have been so long an alien that any English friends I once had must have forgotten my existence. Your life here keeps you, perhaps, in happy ignorance of the ephemeral nature of friendships." I did not answer; his sneer shocked me. "May I say," he went on, "that I could trust few with this—with her guardianship? You will bring me my wife—I know you will—and you will permit me to make your journey as easy as I can?"

I felt at first unable to answer him. I said I must consult my husband.

"You had better see him," I said stiffly; "I cannot promise anything until I know what he thinks."

I really longed to see the poor young wife restored to her husband, and yet I asked myself, as I walked back to the Rectory, could this cynical man make anyone happy?

(To be concluded next week.)

so far, solved the problem by founding the Order of the Postulants. Forty young men of various ages are banded together in a common desire to serve in the ministry of Christ's Church. The Archbishop is able to take a personal interest in these through the kindness of the clergy who have brought them to his notice. There is still, however, difficulty in finding funds. The Archbishop also referred to the question of the unemployed clergy. He maintained that for all practical purposes they did not exceed a thousand, whereas they have been estimated at six thousand. Further, no small number of these unemployed clergy were persons who had reached an advanced period of life.

The new President of the Bible Society is the Marquis of Northampton. He succeeds Lord Harrowby. The appointment was made with entire unanimity.

In a recent volume of sermons, Professor Salmon, of Dublin, the strongest intellect in the Irish Church, discussed the subject of Prayers for the Dead. He does not say that prayer for the dead is wrong. "If it were a sin, it is one which it is almost impossible not to commit when we lose one whose name it had been our constant habit to mention in our prayers." He thinks, however, that if our Lord and His Apostles had wished that such prayer should be offered, they would have told us more.

V.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: GERMAN WAR-SHIPS ON EASTERN SERVICE.

Photographs by Hans Breuer, Hamburg.



H.M.S. "YETIS," NOW AT TAKU.



H.M.S. "FÜRST BISMARCK," ON HER WAY TO CHINA.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE DISTURBED IMPERIAL CAPITAL.

The city of Peking, or the Court of the North, is composed of three towns, one within the other, which have sprung up to the north of the older part of the city, now generally known as the Chinese Town. There are thus really four towns included under the name Peking, enclosed by a vast wall which measures $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles in circumference. This great rampart is of tremendous strength, being both high and thick. The average height of the wall of the Northern or Tartar City is 50 ft., though the northern wall in places reaches a height of 60 ft.; its thickness varies 57 to 22 ft. In the Chinese City the average dimensions are 30 ft. in height and 15 ft. in thickness. The custom of building the inner side of the wall on the slant makes a great difference between the base and cap dimensions, so that in places the base-thickness exceeds the top-thickness by as much as 10 or 15 ft. The entire wall is surrounded by a ditch, the earth from which has been used to fill the space between the inner and outer granite casings of the rampart, so that a formidable obstacle is presented to an advancing force. The innermost division of the Tartar City is known as the Tsu-kzu-Tehz, or the Imperial Palace, or, as it is called, the Forbidden City, which no stranger may enter. Around this is a belt of buildings, inhabited chiefly by Court officials, known as the Honang Tchun, or August Town, commonly called the Red Town (owing to the colour of its walls), which is in turn encased in the King Tchun, or Imperial City. The buildings and streets in the Tartar City are in every way superior to those in the Chinese City, which is inhabited by the worst classes of the capital. There are nine gates to the Tartar City, from which fact it is sometimes called the City of the Nine Gates, though the proper name of the whole is Chun-thian-fou, the City of the First Order Obedient to Heaven. Three of these gates communicate with the Chinese City, which has seven gates leading to the outer world. A city on or near the site of the existing one has stood here from the remotest times. Various fixed by different writers, it seems that somewhere about 1000 years B.C., the city or its forerunners was founded, but its history cannot be satisfactorily traced. The ground plan of Peking dates back to the time of Kubla Khan.



STREET SCENE IN PEKING.

It was a reproduction in brick and mortar of a military camp. The distinction between the Manchu and the Chinese city was enforced in 1644 at the time of the Manchu conquest. Locomotion within the city is seldom possible on foot, so universal are the abominations of the roadway. Ponies and the Peking cart, a curious springless wooden vehicle, are the only means available, for chairs are reserved for very high officials in the capital, and etiquette prevents their employment by Europeans. The following description of a main street is from the pen of Lord Curzon, and it agrees admirably with our illustration: "Its great breadth is successfully concealed by the two lines of booths that have sprung up in the kind of ditch that extends on either side of the elevated central roadway; but through the dust we discern a long vista, the parallel walls of which present a line of fantastic poles, gilded signboards, carved woodwork, and waving streamers and lanterns — the insignia and advertisements of the shops that open below."

The Chinese Foreign Office, Tsung-li-Yamen, has sprung into existence since China permitted intercourse with foreign nations. The provinces are practically self-governing, and although in theory their organisation is perfect, they are really corrupt to the core. So low are the salaries of the Mandarins and other officials that they are forced to resort to bribes and extortions.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF PEKING.

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| 1. The Gate of the Exaltation of Virtue. | 16. The Gate facing the West. |
| 2. The Gate of Stable Peace. | 17. City Armoury Tower. |
| 3. City Armoury Tower. | 18. City Armoury Tower. |
| 4. The Gate facing the East. | 19. The Gate of Military Glory. |
| 5. The Gate of the Rising Sun. | 20. The Gate facing the South. |
| 6. The Gate of the North-East Angle. | 21. The Gate of Venerable Wisdom. |
| 7. The Gate of the Great Canal. | 22. City Armoury Tower. |
| 8. Watch Tower. | 23. Situation of the Legation Quarters. |
| 9. The Left Gate of Peace. | 24. The Great Pink Gate. |
| 10. The Gate of Eternal Constancy. | 25. Entrances to the Palace. |
| 11. The Right Gate of Peace. | 26. The Imperial Palace. |
| 12. Watch Tower. | 27. The Great Coal Mountain. |
| 13. The Gate of Perfect Repose. | 28. The Imperial Lakes. |
| 14. The Gate of the Western Angle. | 29. The Temple of Heaven. |
| 15. The Gate of the Rampart. | 30. The Temple of Agriculture. |

KEY TO THE PLAN OF PEKING.

The numbers in the above key refer to the corresponding figures in the diagram. The scale of the plan is approximately seven-eighths of an inch to the mile.



A MAGISTRATE'S YAMEN.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: OFFICIAL PEKING.

Diplomacy in Peking has always been a difficulty. The foreigner has his place in the city by force; but he is made to feel that he intrudes. Native officials will not hold intercourse with him; and the Foreign Office, if that is to be the name of a yet hardly organised institution, does not want to have any relations, diplomatic or social, with the representatives of alien Powers. After the war of 1860, a board named the Tsungli Yamen was invented by Prince Kung to deal with these unwelcome agents. Till then all foreign affairs had been discharged by the Colonial Office, a department of the Ministry of Rites, which dealt with tributary or dependent nations—and therefore, in the Chinese theory, with all the outer world. The war a little changed the outlook; and, as a result, the rather miscellaneous board of about ten persons, mostly of busy occupations otherwise, became the intermediary between the foreign Ministers and the Imperial Government in Peking. To receive the diplomat



CHINESE NATIVE SOLDIERS WITH OFFICER.

by the admission to his presence of aliens willing to perform the *kowtow*. The first English Plenipotentiary admitted to an audience with a Chinese Emperor was Lord Macartney in 1793. Great discussions arose as to the amount of homage he should offer; and he consented to *kowtow* on condition that a Chinese official should make equal obeisance to a portrait of George III. The offer was refused. Some compromise was effected; but the story was circulated that the representative of England had *kowtowed*. The next British Envoy, Lord Amherst, in 1816, escaped the *kowtow*, but solely by never seeing the Emperor at all.

Only after the war in 1860 came in the new manners. By treaty then the British Ambassador was not to be called upon to perform any ceremony implying that China was a nation superior to their own. All the same, the life of the representative of England, even before the Boxers broke out into revolution, was always an



THE BRITISH MINISTER AT PEKING: SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD.

its arts and its crafts and its calculations. One such calculation was that the Powers can be played off against one another; and that it was never likely that an allied French and British army should again march to Peking and sack the Summer Palace. The impossible sometimes happens; and China has achieved this marvellous thing in its own regard—the united action of the Great Powers in a movement which must end in her dismemberment as a nation responsible for its own internal order or for its dictation of terms to the representatives of Europe.

If the difficulties and delays of an interview with the Tsungli Yamen are all but insuperable, the practical utility of an audience with the Emperor is not immense. The Emperor is all but an inaccessible personage to his own people. He is the Son of Heaven to three hundred and fifty millions of people who have never seen his face. When he goes forth from his Palace to take part in religious rites, the streets are cleared, the doors are barred, and every shutter is closed. To strangers from a distance a different law was applied. The Emperor, ruler of the whole world, was perhaps glad to receive such sanction for his pretensions as was supplied



LADY MACDONALD.

and to hear his representations, they sat round a table that was covered, not with Blue-books, but with sweetmeats, on which they regaled themselves during the discharge of a duty as disagreeable as it was enforced. Sometimes, no doubt, they became too animated to eat. Sir Henry Parkes, the Australasian statesman, speaks of "going to the Yamen and having a discussion with eight or ten men, who all like to speak at once, and who, when refuted, just repeat all they have said before. In some respects it is a question of physical endurance, and if you are not in good condition the struggle is trying." Nor is there, for the unhappy diplomat, any refreshing banquet of sweetmeats.

The Board is, of course, augmented by a body of interpreters, whose task, from Sir Henry Parkes's description, must become a little confusing when all the members speak as one man. No palaver succeeds delay. As Sir Henry put it, to seek a decision from the Tsungli Yamen was like trying to draw water from a well with a bottomless bucket. The Board has



THE CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE: THE TSUNGLI YAMEN, PEKING.

anxious, sometimes a harassing one. In Sir Claude Macdonald England has had an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary whose four years of service in those capacities have proved his judgment and strengthened the confidence reposed in him at the outset by his countrymen. Born in 1852, Sir Claude had for his father a soldier of distinction, Major-General J. D. Macdonald. Educated at Uppingham and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, he entered the 74th Highlanders in 1872, and ten years later he served throughout the Egyptian Campaign, taking rank as Major. In 1881-85 he took part in the Suakin Expedition as a volunteer with the 42nd Highlanders. At this time, and over a period of five years, he held the post of Military Attaché to the British Agency in Cairo, and was afterwards Acting Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar. Sir Claude, who had his K.C.B. in 1898, married Ethel, daughter of Major W. Cairns Armstrong, a lady whose courage has proved itself, time and again, the equal of his own.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: DIPLOMATIC PEKING



THE ITALIAN LEGATION, REPORTED DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.

The guard in the picture is composed of Chinese soldiers.



THE FRENCH LEGATION, REPORTED SAFE ON JULY 4

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES IN THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL.



THE FIRST SECRETARY'S HOUSE AT THE BRITISH LEGATION.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION, PEKING.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



BOXERS ENROLLING AT A MILITARY POST.

Along the roads of China are encountered great numbers of military posts at which small garrisons, about ten or fifteen soldiers in time of peace, are stationed. Close by is a look-out commanding an extensive prospect. The cones of brickwork and plaster are used to fire out a fierce combustible in time of alarm as a signal to the next post. They are also employed on all festive occasions. It is here that the Boxers now enrol themselves and are sworn in to form their semi-military corps. A Government official belonging to the army presides at the table. He is, as the umbrella indicates, a Mandarin of consideration.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: MUKDEN, THE SCENE OF A RECENT MURDER OF MISSIONARIES.



THE PRINCIPAL STREET.



THE MISSION HOSPITAL, FROM THE SOUTH.

Despite the no doubt sincere efforts of Viceroy in the provinces to limit to the Peking region the Boxer rebellion, alarming reports come from day to day of unrest in other places. "Only rebels," say the Viceroy's disdainfully, are the anti-foreign legions who hold the capital; but they are rebels who happen to include a large number of the Chinese regular troops. Telegraphing at the end of June, a correspondent at Chi-fu reported that the foreign settlement there was at the mercy of the two forts, equipped with Krupp guns, and commanding the city on both sides. Against these the war-ships in the harbour, even our own *Terrible*, the American *Nashville*, and a Japanese cruiser, were pitted at a disadvantage. The missionaries and their families, two hundred in all, did not, therefore, look on Chi-fu as a very safe city of refuge, although the Chinese officials were full of reassuring speeches. On July 7 from Chi-fu came disconcerting news of disturbance in the neighbourhood. At Mukden a Roman Catholic Bishop, two priests, and two sisters had been murdered; and at Hsin-yung the Danish Mission was surrounded by Boxers, from whose attentions a party of Cossacks and other foreigners, including the British Consul, had gone forth to relieve it. The Manchurian Railway was attacked. At one railway station the mob was augmented by soldiers—rebels, no doubt they are properly called—who burned not only the railway-bridge between Mukden and Newchwang, but also two barracks. The telegraph-wires and forty metres of rails were destroyed, but only temporarily. Then came the announcement of further rebellion in Southern Manchuria, coupled with the news that at Mukden the coal-mines had been wrecked, and that fifty lives had been lost in the explosion of a powder-magazine. Finally, the burning of the mission-buildings and the hospital at Mukden was recorded; and with the buildings a large body of native Christians fell into the hands of the Boxers and were massacred. Who is saved

and who is sacrificed cannot yet be fully known; but a telegram, received on Monday from Shanghai by the United Presbyterian Church, stated that the missionaries of that body in Mukden had escaped with their lives, though their property was destroyed. Mukden, it may be added, is the headquarters of the Bible

this in the presence of an assembly of missionaries and their friends, no doubt he went straight to the mark. Frankly, the trouble in China is, in the main, a missionary trouble. The point, then, simply resolves itself into the right of Europeans to preach their creeds—their diverse creeds—to the subjects of the Emperor, who is to his subjects the vicegerent of heaven. The Emperor of Germany has boldly asserted, on behalf of Christendom, its mandate to teach all nations; and he, with more heart than Lord Salisbury, accepts as a duty of the European State the protection of those of its sons who have gone forth with no weapon other than the Cross. This, then, is a religious war; and it is one which represents no sudden whim or transitory fury. Deep down in the Chinese heart was the hatred of the foreigner before 1860; and the war of that date did not extinguish the flame, only kept it underground. Lord Curzon, when he visited China a few years ago, came to conclusions which the disastrous wires that reach him day by day in India verify to the letter. Lord Curzon, had he been a Chinaman, would presumably have been a Boxer. He is a critic in some detail of missionary methods, condemning the outrages offered to the Chinese sense of propriety by the association in mission work of unmarried men and women, and by the tours across country of young girls unaware of their defiance of the national convention. Nor is it forgotten that the great Tai-ping Rebellion had its initiation among crusading Christians. Religion and nationality are still inseparably associated in China, just as they were in England in the days of Elizabeth, and as, to a great degree, in every European country they still are. All these difficulties are well understood and fearlessly faced by the missionaries of all lands. They know that they are candidates for martyrdom—they and their proselytes with them. A worker like the Rev. Timothy Richard, the principal agent of the Baptist Missionary Society in China, will find nothing unexpected in the tragic turn affairs have taken of late.



THE THEOLOGICAL CLASS.

Society in Manchuria; and a telegram dated July 9 reports that its depot has been demolished, though its agents, Mr. Drysdale and Mr. Turley, are believed to be safe.

When Lord Salisbury made his famous "first the Gospel, then the gun-boat" speech a few weeks ago, and



THE MISSION HOSPITAL.



INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL COMPOUND.

Major Kerri Davies, Major Baden-Powell,
Imperial Light Horse. Assist. Intelligence.

Captain Robinson,
R.A.

Major Well,
Transport.

Captain Peakman, Prince Alexander of Teck, Captain Cobb,
Kimberley Corps. A.D.C. A.S.C.



Captain Donaldson,
Imperial Light Horse.

Captain Maxwell,
Kimberley Corps.

Colonel Kinn,
C.O., Kimberley Corps.

Brigadier-General Mahon.

Colonel Edwards,
Imperial Light Horse.

Captain Bell-Smyth,
Brigade-Major.

Captain Barnes, Adjutant,
Imperial Light Horse.

Captain Ker,
C.O., Infantry Detachment.

Sir John Willoughby,
D.A.A.G.B.

Colonel F. Rhodes, D.S.O.,
Head of Intelligence Dept.

Captain Smyth,
Gallager.

Captain Du Plat Taylor,
R.H.A.

OFFICERS OF THE MAITENG RELIEF COLUMN.

Photograph by Taylor, Messing.



LAING'S NEK TUNNEL AS BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS: NORTH ENTRANCE.

From a Photograph by John Ferguson.



THROUGH TWO FIRES: LORD DUNDONALD'S CAVALRY CHARGING THE ENEMY OVER THE BURNING VELDT.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: TROPHIES AND SOUVENIRS



EFFECTS OF A LYDDITE SHELL AT FOURTEEN STREAMS STATION.

Copyright Photo. Bennett, Cape Town.



A BOER PEACE-OFFERING: FIVE-HORNED RAM PRESENTED BY BOERS IN CHRISTIANIA TO COL. REEVES, 2ND IRISH FUSILIERS, ON HIS ENTRY INTO THE TRANSVAAL.

Copyright Photo. Bennett, Cape Town.



CONNING-TOWER AT WARRENTON, SHOWING BULLET SPLASHES ON THE WALLS: FIELD-CORNET MOIR'S HOUSE.

Copyright Photo. Bennett, Cape Town.



THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE ADVANCING ON THE BLOEMBERG, COVERED BY THE FIRE OF TWO NAVAL GUNS AND THE 5TH FIELD BATTERY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY PRIVATE FARQUHARSON, 2ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Between Ventersburg and Bloemberg the Highlanders were in action five consecutive days. Note the Colonial hats adopted by the Brigade.



"LITTLE BOBS," 4.7 GUN OF H.M.S. "DORIS," ON GUARD AT HEILBRON.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY PRIVATE FARQUHARSON, 2ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

At Heilbron, Mr. Ellington, the State Secretary, Mr. Dickson, State Attorney, and two other officials of the extinct Orange Free State surrendered on July 8.



A CAPTURED BOER SEARCH-LIGHT.

The search-light was abandoned by the enemy at Volksrust and so fell into British hands.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

In view of the hostilities in China, *The Illustrated London News* has despatched to the Far East Mr. John Schönberg, the distinguished war-artist, who has already seen so much service in many parts of the world. Mr. Schönberg, who is fifty-six years of age, was born in Vienna. He received his art education in his native city and in Munich, where he studied under Piloti. Mr. Schönberg has already represented *The Illustrated London News*, for which his first drawings, executed in 1866, depicted the incidents of the Prusso-Austrian War. Other notable events at which he was present were the Servo-Turkish War in 1876-77, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, the inundation at Szegedin in 1879, the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and the Servo-Bulgarian War of 1885. He was at Hamburg during the cholera epidemic, and at Sigmaringen at the wedding of the Crown Prince of Roumania, proceeding to Bucharest, at the special request of the King, to attend the official reception. Mr. Schönberg is a *persona grata* at the Roumanian Court. In the campaign of 1877 the then Prince of Roumania took a great interest in our Artist's work, and many times since then he has journeyed, under royal command, to Bucharest to paint pictures for the King's gallery. For the last seventeen or eighteen years he has not missed a regular commission from the King. Mr. Schönberg has lately returned from the Transvaal War, where he was wounded. He is decorated with many medals in recognition of his war services. He was at Vienna when this Journal sent for him and commissioned him to proceed to China. "It is different," he said to an interviewer some few years ago, with



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FOR CHINA MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG.

reference to his experience of the cholera epidemic at Hamburg, "to stand on a battlefield and run the risk of being shot, when you and the men round you have at least the chance of fighting for your lives; but to see hundreds and hundreds of defenceless people being carried away by an unseen foe, their faces ghastly pale, and their features distorted by pain, is more than a man with a feeling heart in his breast, accustomed as he may be to the horrors of war, can easily bear."

Mr. Schönberg's paintings are not the ordinary war-pictures—all struggling men and horses; he prefers to deal more fully with the strategical movements of a great battle, and the success with which he has met shows that his aim is a good one. Recently he finished the last of a series of large battle-pictures painted to the order of King Charles of Roumania, the particular one in question showing vividly an incident of the storming of Plevna. As might be expected, his experiences are many and varied, but perhaps one that occurred to him before Plevna in 1877 is most firmly rooted in his memory. Late in the day, after a heavy fight with the enemy, our Artist sat making sketches in Colonel Angelesco's tent, when the Roumanian Surgeon-General suggested that he should ride to Uleça and work in his tent, at the same time advising him to follow some wounded men who were going in the same direction. After a ride of two and a half hours with a troop of Roumanians, Mr. Schönberg made the discovery that he had followed the wrong party, and was miles out of the way he should have come. He turned back alone, only to find himself before the Turkish outposts. So he was between the two fighting-lines for a full half-hour, until he was able to rejoin his friends.



Photo. J. Rendall and Mann, Melbourne

MAFEEKING DAY IN MELBOURNE: THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, SIR JOHN MADDEN, ADDRESSING THE LARGEST CROWD THAT HAS EVER ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. (London: Fisher Unwin.)
Robert Orange. By Evelyn H. Pollard. (London: John Lane.)
Robert Orange. By Bernard Capes. (London: William Blackwood and Sons.)
Robert Orange. By A. J. Dawson. (London: Heinemann.)
Robert Orange. By Morcan Robertson. (London: Grant Richards.)
Robert Orange. By Pamela Tennant. (London: Heinemann.)

In "Robert Orange" John Oliver Hobbes gives us the sequel to her "School for Saints." That the book may share the common fate of sequels with the casual story-reader is likely enough. Nor has it, in fact, any love-passages at all equal to those of the earlier pages of its forerunner, love-passages so brilliant that the new book is illumined, here and there, by a distant reflection of them. The love-making of the hero—who is doubly taken to the altar in this volume—is an affair of the soul and the conscience first, of the heart and the senses afterwards. The marriage is known to his and to Mrs. Parlette's friends to be a bigamous one a few hours after its celebration; and the pursuit of the couple to acquit them of the legal impediment presents a situation of urgent delicacy. That the author is sure of her powers is proved by her ingenious prolongment of the honeymoon journey so that it includes a night on deck. The proprieties are all saved, even those minor ones which the author suggests may arise by the accident that brings Lady Fitz Rewes and Lord Reckage together as companions in pursuit of their two best friends, the couple that has to be kept asunder. "I hope poor Renshaw is comfortable in the next carriage," says Lady Fitz Rewes to Lord Reckage, and by that sign the reader is to know that the lady has her maid at hand. The author elsewhere shows the same superfluity of conventionality on the part of another of her women characters when Lady Sam draws down her veil at Vigo Street during her call on Robert Orange. Perhaps this supersensitiveness as to what is and is not conventional on occasions of stress affords a clue to the true interpretation of Lady Sam's pronouncement that "all women worth considering are miracles of imprudence." Neither by her plot nor by her reading of women does Mrs. Craigie make her book memorable. If the author has put her own blood into any of her characters, she has done so under a disguise of sex. Robert Orange is a creation to whom a great deal of autobiography had of necessity to contribute, and a certain sense of masquerading is the result. The defence may well be that soul is sexless, and that "Robert Orange" is essentially the study of a soul. The plain truth is that the book from first to last is a sermon, admirably set forth, packed with suggestion, enlivened by paradox; in every line tenacious of its main thesis, the necessity of mankind's conscription into "the army of unalterable law"; yet not wanting in sallies that show the author's witty observation alongside her orthodoxy and devoteism. Excellent, for instance, is the tact that attributes to a Bishop the remark that people who declaim against divorce forget that in its origin it was a divine institution. The Bishop, however, forgets the New Testament utterance: "Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so." If Orange, when he goes to "his own place," and as Monsignor Orange fills the pulpit, should embody in his sermons his experiences, one may suppose that not even the new Cathedral at Westminster would contain the flocks anxious to hear him. But Mrs. Craigie does not venture to follow him to the pulpit: the strain on human credulity as to pulpit possibilities might be too great. She does essay, however, that largely daring thing, the writing of letters for Disraeli; and the chapter that gives "the chief's" talk with Orange, after the fiasco of the wedding, is one which no student of Disraeliana ought to miss.

Quarter Day, at which mortals are apt to look askance, has for the last fifteen and a half years been a welcome date to many bookmen; for it has brought to their shelves with unfailing regularity an instalment of the "Dictionary of National Biography." This invaluable work of reference, which has just been carried to a successful completion in the issue of the sixty-third volume, was designed by Mr. Smith, of Smith, Elder, and Co., in 1882, and the same year saw the commencement of operations under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. The work, however, was upon so extended a scale that actual publication could not be begun until New Year's Day, 1885. By that time so complete was the organisation that the proposed quarterly instalment of 460 pages has appeared with unbroken punctuality. The Dictionary aims at supplying an adequate biography of every considerable person of British race (living persons excepted) from the earliest times. How thorough the scheme is may be gathered from the fact that the Dictionary contains 29,120 articles, of which a very large number must take rank as biographies, and not mere "notices." As might be expected, such a compilation must have brought to light many statistical facts most valuable as side-lights on national biography. The ninth and tenth centuries, for example, are least fruitful of men of the Dictionary's level of distinction, the seventh is more than twice as fruitful as the ninth, the tenth less fruitful than the sixth or eighth. The fifteenth century shows a decline, the sixteenth a noteworthy increase, the biographies numbering three times those of the preceding century. Our own age most closely resembles the sixteenth century in mental and

physical activity. Apart from strictly scientific facts, there remain many subsidiary points which, if they inevitably suggest "the literature of tit-bit," possess undeniable interest. The compilers have seen fit to give a table of "the thirty-four contributors who have written the largest number of pages in the dictionary." Mr. Sidney Lee, the first assistant-editor, who succeeded Mr. Leslie Stephen as editor in 1891, heads the list with 1370



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE EDITOR OF THE NOW COMPLETED "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY": MR. SIDNEY LEE.

pages, or three complete volumes. Professor F. K. Laughton and Mr. Leslie Stephen come next with 1000 pages each, or 2½ volumes. The last six names on the list, which include that of Dr. Richard Garnett, have each "half a volume" to their credit—a "wooden spoon" to be proud of. That such a table should be accorded a place in so serious a work must be reckoned the ultimate triumph of the popular literature aforesaid. Its place in the Dictionary, which is the consistent foe of the "scrap," can be defended only by the magnificent and self-sacrificing achievement it represents. Editors, contributors, and publishers may rest assured of the gratitude of students present and to come. In the last volume Mr. Leslie Stephen, who, though retired from editorial duties, has fortunately remained a contributor to the end, signs the article on William Wordsworth.

"The Birds of My Parish" are tolerably representative of the birds of East Anglia; Haysford, in Norfolk, being the parish whereof Evelyn Pollard discourses. The book

bird only as a rare visitor. However, we are not inclined to be too exacting; the book appears to have been written for children, who will, no doubt, enjoy the conversations and squabbles which the author has put into the birds' beaks; and while enjoying these the young reader will learn not a little concerning the habits and lives of the speakers.

Mr. Bernard Capes's short stories, which are generally welcome in a magazine, stand the test of re-reading in book form wonderfully well. It is perhaps a pity that so virile a writer should yield to the modern temptation to reprint everything; for, good as is the collection of stories which now appear under the title "From Door to Door," its strength is impaired by the appearance of work which, having served its day and generation in serial form, might well have been suffered to fall on sleep. Mr. Capes is perhaps rather too much a stylist in the modern acceptance of the term; and his desire to achieve new effects of mere phrase brings him sometimes perilously near jargon; but he is usually picturesque and often human. A war story lies well within his hand, and two examples in the present volume, "The Sword of Corporal Lacoste" and "The Chapter's Doom," are admirable in their life and movement. In the former story it may be that horror usurps the place of tragedy; but the work is saved by broad and vivid characterisation. "The Meek shall Inherit the Earth" is a pleasant fantasy in quite another vein, although there, too, the cruelty of life finds its inevitable emphasis.

Mr. Dawson finds his chief inspiration in Morocco, and one lesson we learn from his spirited tales is that the wooing of Englishwomen by magnetic Moorish gentlemen is an acceptable element of romance. No story-teller would give his English heroine a negro husband, or wed her to a Hindu, Mongol, or Persian. Racial caste has its rules in romance as in politics. But the Moor has had a fine literary tradition to help his love-making ever since Desdemona was won by Othello's adventures. Mr. Dawson tells how a Moorish saint strained the loyalty of the faithful by wedding an infidel from Albion. More adventurous still is Ben Hamed El Askar, who, from under the very nose of her British betrothed, carries off a maiden in the style of young Lochinvar. He is mounted on a fiery black horse, and his rich voice murmurs in Arabic, "Come to me, Beloved!" and as she has taken Arabic lessons she obeys, and the British betrothed, who feebly interferes, "stretches his length on the tiles of the terrace," whilst Lochinvar and the lady gallop off "into the evening." With the fortunes of this hazardous piece of matrimony Mr. Dawson's story has nothing to do. You must take it as it stands, and, like him, murmur, "Bismillah!"

"Spun Yarn," as its title is meant to hint, is a collection of stories of the sea. That being so, it is a pity that "The Battle of the Monsters" should have been included; for that is no story of the sea, but a very gruesome, if vivid, account of the fight between healthy and unhealthy corpuscles in the blood of a patient threatened with both cholera and hydrophobia. As for the other stories, they are, perhaps, rather too encumbered with detail. Not that they are stodgey and uninteresting—they are anything but that; but their interest depends rather on curious and sensational incidents than on the essential romance of the sea. The best of them is that called "The Brain of the Battle-ship." One feels that the naval battle of the future must be pretty much as Mr. Robertson here describes it. His picture of 10,000-ton engines of destruction rushing at each other through the waves is thrilling in the extreme. And Finnegan, the drunken sailor who guides "the finest battle-ship the science of the world has constructed to glorious victory"—Finnegan is great.

"Village Notes" has many charms, and not the least of these is the unpretentious style which Mrs. Tennant has adopted. The worst that can be said about the book is that it is slight; the reader who is ignorant about rural matters will probably lay it down with no very clear impression in his mind. It is the man who knows the country, and who can fill in the background for himself, who will enjoy it most. Mrs. Tennant has a quick eye and an open mind; add to these a kind heart and a keen sense of humour, and you have the material with which she works—the incident scarcely counts. She writes as a friend might to her intimate acquaintances; and no doubt this little volume will meet with a warm welcome. Some of the chapters, notably those entitled "Some Epitaphs" and "Christmas Rites and Carols," will bear reading a second time; they contain much out-of-the-way information, which it is well worth one's while to acquire. Our old, quaint carols are too precious to be allowed to drop out of mind. "Lullay lullay, thou littell tyne child," and "Ah, my dere son," are two most perfect examples of the taste and feeling which these old songs betray. Some of the epitaphs provoke a smile, but they are too long for quotation.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

The Voice of the People. Ellen Glasgow. (Heinemann. 6s.)
The Sports Library: Cricket. Various authors. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)
A Millionaire of Yesterday. E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward Lock. 6s.)
Sir Edmund Clavell: Public Speeches, 1884-1890. (Routledge. 2s.)
The Anglo-Saxon Revival. Vol. V. (Lane. 21s.)
Seven Gardens and a Palace. "E. V. B." (Lane. 5s.)
Paris of To-Day. Katherine de Forest. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)
Scrambles in the Eastern Grains, 1878-1897. George Yeld. (Fisher Unwin 7s. 6d.)



THE BOUNDARY BRIDGE OVER THE BECK.

From "The Birds of My Parish," by permission of Mr. John Lane.

contains nothing new, but is freshly and pleasantly written in a gently humorous strain which leaves the reader in some doubt whether the author is a lady or a curate of Bab-Ballad mindness. She, or he, is much addicted to the conceit of reading meaning into the song and motion of birds; and if the result is often unduly fanciful, it equally often betrays close and sympathetic study of the feathered parishioners engaged in their domestic affairs or assembling in winter for crumbs. It is not a book to criticise by the standard of scientific ornithology; but the few inaccuracies are insignificant. For example, it is not strictly correct—to say—that the crested and bearded tits "are practically extinct even in England, though they may be represented by casual birds from the Continent." *Parus cristatus* still breeds in the valley of the Spey, though rarely elsewhere in the kingdom; and *Parusus Biarmicus* confers distinction on the Broad's district of Norfolk by breeding there regularly, while other parts of England, saving Devonshire, know the

Y O U N G B R I T A I N U N D E R A R M S.

Inspection of the Duke of York's School by Lord Wolsley.



Photo, Turrell

PHYSICAL DRILL.



Photo, Turrell

BEFORE THE INSPECTING OFFICER.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

This day (July 14) one hundred and eleven years ago, the First Revolution began by the destruction of the Bastille; and by the time *The Illustrated London News* is in the hands of most of its readers, France in general and Paris in particular will have commenced celebrating the anniversary of the historical event. The rejoicings and decorations are projected on a scale of hitherto unprecedented magnificence; and if the shades of Camille Desmoulins and Mirabeau—not to mention those of Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and Saint-Just—could revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, having remained in ignorance of what had happened during that interval of more than a century and a decade, they might feel proud of their work. Even if they were told that the First Republic was strangled by a tyrant of genius named Napoleon, and that the Second Republic shared a similar fate at the hands of that tyrant's nephew, the shades would still proudly point to the resplendent city, resplendent this year like a dream of fairyland; they would watch the dancing and the feasting; they would greedily catch the strains of the "Marseillaise," and enthusiastically declare that what they did was well done.

Thus much for the hypothetical ghosts of the long-departed. The shades of those who went many years after these—namely, Wilhelm I., Moltke, Bismarck, Benedetti, Napoleon III., and Gramont—would, if they could join the others, be not less astonished, for July 14, 1900, is also the thirtieth anniversary—or the thirtieth anniversary all but a day—of the unofficial declaration of hostilities between France and Germany. They would unanimously conclude that, whatever happened in the future, France, to judge by her past, will continue to be the France of history, the pioneer of art, of sublime, albeit often unattainable ideals, the guide in everything that makes life worth living.

I share that opinion. The vitality of that much-tried land is so phenomenally strong as finally to defy the consequences of the combined blunders and crimes of all her dead and living statesmen and legislators—not to say her would-be statesmen and legislators. The slime of the Nile renders Egypt one of the most fertile countries in the world; the slime of the Palais-Bourbon and of the War Office of the Rue St. Dominique apparently produces the same effect upon the fertilisation of France, materially and intellectually. Finally, France's lot may be that of ancient Rome; but the youngest of us—nay, the infant in its cradle, shall not see that day of catastrophe. Farther than this we have no business to look in the future. This is not a prophecy; it is simply an observation based upon my knowledge of the inherent strength of France—inherent strength as yet unimpaired by two invasions almost unparalleled in history, by seven changes of régime in a hundred years, by scandals compared with which the corruptions of the Byzantine Empire were slight peccadilloes.

It is because of this that I decline to take the events of last week in the alarmist sense. The retirement of General Jamont from the Commandership-in-Chief of the French army might be an irremediable calamity if there were evidence to the effect of General Jamont being a matchless genius or a tried leader. There is no such evidence. He is a man of courage and of fair abilities—the latter were proved in Tonkin; but he is in no way distinguished from a score of general officers of the French army. If anything, his successor, General Brugère, has the reputation of being a better strategist than he. With the exception of her share in the possibly coming large expedition to China and her movements on the frontiers of Morocco, France has no serious war in prospect, by which in this instance I mean a European war; and, in spite of her frequent talk, will not have such a war. Germany is not likely to give her provocation—real or fancied; and the contemplated invasion of England is—I am quoting opinion in France, not mine—child's play, which any brigade-general will be enabled to accomplish when the time for it has arrived. As for the Navy required for the purpose, it is there; not a tow-line of it is wanting, any more than a garter-button was wanting in 1870—according to Leboucq. All jostling apart, France has no more intention of invading England than England has of invading her.

As for the strife between the Nationalists and the Socialists, together with the supporters of the present Government, it is of no more interest to France—real, frugal, hard-working France, as distinct from flashy, hysterical Paris, than a sparring exhibition at the National Sporting Club would be to sober-minded, practical England. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, disgusted at the insults levelled at him, may stay or go. In the event of his retiring, there will be half-a-dozen former Ministers or fresh-baked ones ready to court the same insults for the sake of the brief spell of power it would confer, and the emoluments—besides the pickings—attached to that brief spell of power. "One has, after all, to be practical," they say, and France re-echoes their saying. France knows that there is not even a Boulanger to put an end to the Parliamentary chaos, let alone a Louis Napoleon, and while there are free-fights at the Palais-Bourbon, there is a lesser likelihood of there being revolution in the street. "The prestige of the army," says the careful observer. Nine-tenths of the soldiers of France are benighted peasants who would fight, and fight well, in the event of a war, but they have not the intelligence to appreciate the intriguing and caballing that lead to the resignation of a Commander-in-Chief without any apparent reason. The other tenth, the intelligent part, would be just as severe critics in their ordinary clothes as in their garance trousers and capotes. So, after all, it does not signify a jot whether they are at home or in barracks. All this is not a lofty view of the situation, but it is the true one. The only thing the Nationalists can hope to do is to carry a revision of the Constitution by which the President would be elected by the people, but the thing is most unlikely to happen. The Second Republic was strangled like that.

CHESS.

I. PAPE (Regent's Park).—A problem, if correct, can only be solved by one key-move, and by the number of moves given. A three-mover that can be solved in two moves is defective, and so with a two-mover that can be solved in one. Your "guess" solutions are never guesses; for No. 2302 will not do.

C. T. D. (Market Harborough).—Your solution was not acknowledged because 1. B to Q 5th will not solve No. 2303.

W. C. B. (Napa, California).—We are favourably impressed with a hasty inspection of your problems; but should be glad to know they have not been published elsewhere.

C. H. H. (Gibralter).—Problems are correct and shall appear in due course.

A. N. (Bathurst).—Will you kindly favour us with another copy of your last three-mover?

JEFF ALLEN (Calcutta).—We are glad to hear from you again, and will not accept without examination your verdict on your own problem.

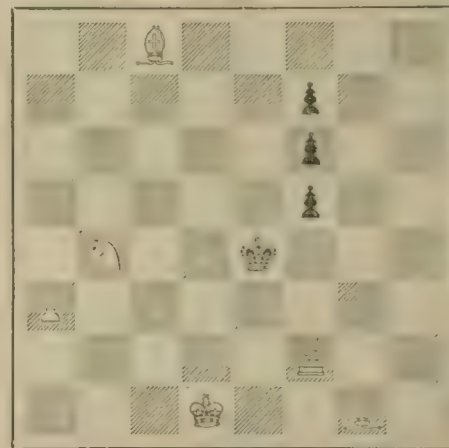
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2302 received from BARNARD DES MORNADAB; of Nos. 2303 and 2307 from J. I. MULLICK (Calcutta) and BARNARD DES MORNADAB; of No. 2320 from C. FIELD JUNIOR (Athol, Mass.), EMILE FRAU LYONS, DREW CHARLES (New York), M. T. STEVENS (Malvern), and C. H. HENNING (Gibralter); of No. 2309 from C. H. HENNING and J. S. BRANDRETH (Dartmouth); of No. 2331 from THEODORE, EMILE FRAU LYONS, R. NUGENT (Southwold), C. H. HENNING (Gibralter), Captain J. A. CHALICE (Great Yarmouth), J. BAILEY (Newark), Inspector J. T. PALMER (Nelson), and CLEMENT C. DANBY.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2332 received from C. H. H. (Clifton), H. S. BRANDRETH (Dartmouth), D. R. R. OLAN, MARTIN F. R. NUGENT, J. T. PALMER, EMILE FRAU LYONS, F. W. MOORE (Brighton), HENRIE R. WORTERS (Canterbury), J. R. T. BRISTOL, SHADFOOTH, GEORGE STEWART (Dorking), HERWARD, MISS D. GREGSON, T. ROBERTS, H. EVANS (Battersea), C. M. A. B. MRS. WILSON (Plymouth), M. A. EYRE, FOLKESTONE, F. J. S. HAMPSHIRE, W. A. LILICO (Edinburgh), F. DUBBY, BARRY CORSE REICHADE, T. COLLEGE (Hilburgh), EDINBURGH, and W. C. D. SMITH (Northampton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2331.—By J. P. TAYLOR.

WHITE. BLACK. Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2331.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.



WHITE. BLACK. Any move.

CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played between Sir WYKE BAYLIS and Mr. J. S. CARR.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Sir W. B.). **BLACK (Mr. C.).**

1. P to K 4th. 2. K to K 3rd. 3. B to K 5th. 4. P to Q 4th. 5. B takes K. 6. B takes P. 7. P to K 3rd. 8. Q to K 2nd. 9. K to B 3rd. 10. B to Q 2nd. 11. B takes B. 12. Castles (K R). 13. Q R to B sq. 14. P to B 4th. 15. K takes K B P. 16. B to K 4th. 17. K to Q 13rd. 18. P to B 4th. 19. B to K 6th (ch). 20. K to K 5th. 21. K to K 5th. 22. B takes R (ch). 23. B takes R. 24. K to B 3rd. 25. Q to K 7th. 26. Q to K 7th. 27. B takes P.

Very ingenious and effective. White collects a modest game of this point.

This is Black's best move. If he plays K to B 3rd, Q to K 7th, Q to R 3rd, P to B 4th, P to K 5th, K to K 5th, White has no serious win the Queen.

It does not readily appear what Q to K 3rd (ch) yields, but White obtaining a splendid attack and finishing off with elegant a capital game.

It does not readily appear what Q to K 3rd (ch) yields, but White obtaining a splendid attack and finishing off with elegant a capital game.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club between Dr. SMOYER and Mr. O. ROTHMAN.

(Vienna Defence.)

WHITE (Dr. S.). **BLACK (Mr. R.).**

1. P to K 4th. 2. K to K 3rd. 3. P to Q 4th. 4. R to Q 3rd. 5. P takes P. 6. K to B 3rd. 7. Castles. 8. K to Q 4th. 9. Q takes K. 10. P to K B 4th. 11. K to K 3rd. 12. B to K 3rd. 13. Q R to Q sq. 14. K to K 2nd. 15. K to K 3rd. 16. P to K 4th. 17. P to K 4th. 18. P takes P. 19. K to K 3rd. 20. P to B 5th. 21. P to B 6th. 22. K to B 5th. 23. R to R 6th. 24. K to B 7th (ch). 25. P takes P. 26. Q to K 3rd (ch). 27. Q to K 3rd. 28. Q to K 3rd. 29. P takes P. 30. R takes R. 31. R to B 8th (ch). 32. P takes R. 33. R to K 3rd. 34. R to K 3rd. 35. R to K 3rd. 36. R to K 3rd. 37. R to K 3rd. 38. R to K 3rd. 39. R to K 3rd. 40. R to K 3rd. 41. R to K 3rd. 42. R to K 3rd. 43. R to K 3rd. 44. R to K 3rd. 45. R to K 3rd. 46. R to K 3rd. 47. R to K 3rd. 48. R to K 3rd. 49. R to K 3rd. 50. R to K 3rd. 51. R to K 3rd. 52. R to K 3rd. 53. R to K 3rd. 54. R to K 3rd. 55. R to K 3rd. 56. R to K 3rd. 57. R to K 3rd. 58. R to K 3rd. 59. R to K 3rd. 60. R to K 3rd. 61. R to K 3rd. 62. R to K 3rd. 63. R to K 3rd. 64. R to K 3rd. 65. R to K 3rd. 66. R to K 3rd. 67. R to K 3rd. 68. R to K 3rd. 69. R to K 3rd. 70. R to K 3rd. 71. R to K 3rd. 72. R to K 3rd. 73. R to K 3rd. 74. R to K 3rd. 75. R to K 3rd. 76. R to K 3rd. 77. R to K 3rd. 78. R to K 3rd. 79. R to K 3rd. 80. R to K 3rd. 81. R to K 3rd. 82. R to K 3rd. 83. R to K 3rd. 84. R to K 3rd. 85. R to K 3rd. 86. R to K 3rd. 87. R to K 3rd. 88. R to K 3rd. 89. R to K 3rd. 90. R to K 3rd. 91. R to K 3rd. 92. R to K 3rd. 93. R to K 3rd. 94. R to K 3rd. 95. R to K 3rd. 96. R to K 3rd. 97. R to K 3rd. 98. R to K 3rd. 99. R to K 3rd. 100. R to K 3rd.

The Southern Counties Chess Union, organized at Andover, Hampshire, to be held at Bath from Sept. 3 to Sept. 12. There will be three classes of players, and a liberal prize list is arranged. There is also a special prize for the "Pollock Memorial Prize," subject to separate conditions. Every entry must be made on an official form to be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Lionel T. Knight, Church Institute, Bath, and will have to be lodged not later than Aug. 31.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Sixteen (from January 6 to June 20, 1900) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newspaper, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

JULY, 'OUT OF DOORS.

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees.

The spotted flycatcher is about one of the latest of the birds to arrive on the vernal migration. It is also one of the few species which still breed in some of our London parks and the larger gardens in town. Its nest may be found among old creepers; but in the country it is often built on the beam of an outbuilding, and so it has been called the Beambird. It is a charming little creature to note as it sweeps round in quest of insect life. I have been watching a nest in a creeper on the porch of an old farmhouse. The young birds, tightly packed within, gape greedily for the food brought by their parents. One has a fly too big for its swallow; it is stuck in its throat, and the fledgling graciously allows me to push it down with a pin.

Under the thickly leaved hedgerows there are great numbers of families of small birds being led about by their parents: insect life is plentiful and the shelter is grateful, both during heat and rain; and lastly, but not of least importance, the bold sparrow-hawk and his fellow raiders cannot distinguish or pick them out through the thick cover.

Some nests of the house-martin which had been finished late this season, close to my dwelling, are now empty. I had been watching with interest the building of them, and enjoying the sight of the pretty creatures as they circled about the house and dived in under the eaves. But those bold marauders, the house-sparrows, whom over-feeding and indulgence have corrupted and made indolent, have forcibly taken possession of these homes which are ready for immediate habitation. My neighbour literally fought the intruders, brandishing a clothes-prop from her open bed-room window for several mornings and evenings. But the martins forsook the nests at last in duce, worn out with anxiety as to their homes, which are now empty; for my friend declares no sparrows shall have them. This is one of the worst indictments against the sparrow, as we all prefer the graceful and useful house-martins about our homes, and through this evil habit of the former, their numbers are greatly lessening.

The name of sparrow-hawk was given to that bold robber because of the number of small birds he and his family can dispose of. It will be a pity if he is ever exterminated in England; he eats our troublesome larger insects as well as small birds. It is, however, of course, natural that game-preservers should hate and persecute him.

Beside the sides of streams which are lined with the black-stemmed alder and greyish-green willows, or in the smaller larch and fir plantations, you can note those small members of the finch family, the twite and the redpoll. The redpolls rear two broods in the season, so that they are found late in the nest. It is a charming sight to see them flit from tree to tree, twittering as they cling about the slender twigs. In the breeding season the song of the male is loud and clear. Their tame and confiding ways have caused redpolls, and their relatives the twites, or mountain linnets—"Yellowed Linties"—with the siskin or aberdevine, to be great favourites with those who keep caged birds. A redpoll can be taught many little tricks, and twites become very tame and friendly in captivity. But who that truly loves birds would ever keep them shut up in close, stuffy rooms, to suffer as they do from want of exercise and the yearning after their own kind? Twites feed largely on charlock and other weeds, and so they ought to be spared in the interest of the agriculturist.

This month, because so many young of the smaller birds are about, when field-mice and voles are in the fields, and there are reptiles on the hot, sunny bank-sides, hawks of the different species are also largely in evidence. Buzzards, which used to breed freely in some counties, devour earthworms, moles, field-mice, frogs, and carrion; but because they are considered as enemies of the pheasant and the partridge, they are under the ban. Yet the late Lord Lilford said he held buzzards to be entirely harmless to game, although they would take the young of rabbits sometimes. We are a little more enlightened since the days when the old woman one heard of in one's childhood used to add to the petitions in the Litany: "From all witches and wizards, and long-tailed buzzards, good Lord deliver us." In the neighbourhood of Christchurch, however, last winter ten buzzards were recorded as having been shot. They were once plentiful in the New Forest; but in the spring, when the bark-stippers are at work, they are tempted by the large price offered for their eggs to take all of these that they can find.

Very few honey-buzzards visit us now, and they do not trust their nests and their young to our tender mercies. It is to be regretted, on account of the noxious creatures which form their diet. The marsh-harrier is also called the moor-harrier. He used to breed with us years ago, but the drainage of fens and the improving of marshes and waste lands have made this species cease to nest here. We have not in any case enough suitable food to satisfy them through the winter.

I am not supposed to be writing about plants, but I would mention that plant of curious name, the vervain, which bears its spikes of blue flowers this month. It is said only to grow near to human dwellings, and is invariably found upon a wall against a chimney, and to purify or cleanse the air. Mr. G. S. Boulenger tells us that vervain has been held sacred by Persian, Magyar, and British Druids, and our own forefathers; but its magical properties are dependent upon its being cut in the dusk. According to Nicholas Culpeper, both root and herb are there is scarcely any evil which it does not cure: jaundice, dyspepsy, great wounds within and without, all yield to its influence; and it is, he adds, "good for those that are frantic," in spite of its being, as he says, a herb of Veneris! J. A. OWEN.

Among the new illustrations published recently as a rising artist is Mr. W. R. Adams, who has just produced on the walls of Burlington House is marked by an original and treatment of the human figure in the human and the birds. The legend has been often treated with the same simplicity of the ages of faith. Mr. Adams has wished to revive it with the accessories of modern war.

ART NOTES: THE KEPPLESTONE AND WALLACE COLLECTIONS.

By the death of Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone, Aberdeen comes into possession of the collection of pictures left to the city by her husband, subject to her life tenure of them. Mr. Macdonald succeeded in drawing money out of stone, and some £50,000 of the fortune he found in granite is represented in the paintings that now pass into the possession of the public. Mr. Macdonald did not buy upon common lines. He had a method of his own, the interest of which becomes more and more apparent as time goes on. He gave to several score of artists commissions for their own portraits, so that Aberdeen now shares, though in a restricted degree, the glories of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, to which painters of all nations—not of one nation only—contribute their own readings of their own heads. The portrait of Lord Leighton, obtained by Mr. Macdonald, is a very near version of the portrait he sent to Florence, a memorable one even in that goodly company. Mr. Sargent's portrait, also reproduced in our pages, may be said to offer not only a painted autobiography of the artist, but also a biographical hint as to the buyer; for Mr. Macdonald proved his foresight in the selection of a young man whose fame with the outer public had yet to be made. Much has happened since then, not only in the making and the unmaking of reputations, but even in the altered appearances that make the Mr. Sargent of to-day hardly recognisable in the Mr. Sargent of twenty years ago. But the Kepplestone Collection is not confined to this memorable group of self-portraiture. Other pictures of various classes are there. Perhaps Mr. Macdonald showed himself a patriot in his selection of pictures, or it may be by accident merely that two of the finest pictures in his possession were examples of the art of

made familiar by him also in another medium than paint. Sir George contributed to the Kepplestone Collection something more than this striking picture—he placed his taste and judgment at the service of his friend in his

The origin of the collection seems to have been overlooked by most of those who have described its treasures. The original collector, who is identified with Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne and Disraeli's Marquis of Monmouth, was possessed with an intense admiration for Louis XVI's fortunate Queen and the arts which she fostered. Some time after settling in Paris, Lord Hertford purchased Bagatelle, which had been Marie Antoinette's favourite residence; and thereupon set himself, as far as possible, its contents, which had been scattered during the Revolution. The result is an assemblage of furniture, china, bric-à-brac, clocks, etc., of the eighteenth century, which eclipses that in any other royal or private gallery, and, taken in conjunction with the Jones Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum, makes our national collection of French art-furniture equal to that of any in France itself.

To these priceless treasures must be added a very complete selection from the paintings of the leading French artists of the same period: Pater, Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau, Lancret, Greuze, and their contemporaries, all of whom are worthily represented,

and some of their finest productions—as, for example, Watteau's "Champs Elysees," Lancret's "Mademoiselle Camargo," Fragonard's "Escarpolette," and many others which will remove from our National Gallery the long-standing reproach that French art is not adequately represented in this country. At the same time the more modern masters of the Romantic School—Trojan, Rousseau, Diaz, and others—are seen to good advantage.

It must not be supposed that French art alone finds a place in the Wallace Gallery. Reynolds, Gainsborough,



FROM THE KEPPLESTONE COLLECTION JEDBURGH ABBEY, BY SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

purchases. The excellent result will henceforth be known to Aberdeen, where a proper provision for the housing and exhibition of the pictures was made by Mr. Macdonald in his will.

The Wallace Gallery in Manchester Square more than bears out the expectation of those who had only known its riches as displayed in the few rooms of Hertford House, open during the late owner's lifetime. At the Bethnal Green Museum a portion of the pictures was exhibited—and not under the most favourable conditions—so that now

FROM THE KEPPLESTONE COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS
PAINTED BY THEMSELVES: THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON.FROM THE KEPPLESTONE COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS
PAINTED BY THEMSELVES: MR. JOHN SARGENT, P.A.

two Scottish painters. One of these, "The Tussle for the Keg," shows the late Mr. John Pettie, R.A., in one of his most characteristic moods; while Sir George Reid, who was a close neighbour and friend of Mr. Macdonald at leafy Kepplestone, on the outskirts of Aberdeen, painted for him Jedburgh Abbey—a subject

for the first time have we any real idea of the treasures brought together by the fourth Marquis of Hertford, and supplemented by his heir, the late Sir Richard Wallace. The value of the bequest made to the nation by the latter's widow is quite incalculable, for by far the greater portion of the collection is unique and absolutely irreplaceable.

and Romney are represented by fifteen pictures, of which every one is a masterpiece. "Nelly O'Brien," "Perdita" (Mrs. Robinson)—who was painted by all three artists—"The Strawberry Girl," "Miss Bowles and Her Dogs," are familiar through engravings old and new, eagerly sought after by amateurs.

LADIES' PAGE.

Excellent organisation made a success of the dog show of the Ladies' Kennel Association at the Botanic Gardens. Everybody was pleased when the Princess of Wales was awarded the first possession of the Maharani of Dholapore's Gold Challenge Cup for our Princess's Borzoi "Alex." H.R.H. has many nice dogs, and loves them dearly, but she has not been very lucky with them, for the dogs' cemetery at Marlborough House records the deaths of



A GRACEFUL AFTERNOON GOWN IN VOILE.

many of her favourites at only two or three years old; but "Alex" is already six, and we hope may still be spared many years to his owner. Foreign dogs attracted much notice, and many ladies evidently keep them. The Chows are engaging, especially the red ones; but the ugly, bald-bodied and tuft-headed Mexican dogs can not be considered a whim. The Belgian griffon, too, is not really, to my eyes, lovely—but then I cannot go into ecstasies over the toy Yorkies whose cousins the griffons are. Both Pomeranians and Schipperkes were shown bred as tiny as York-shires, and even toy bulldogs were mere mites.

Though the Court entertainments have been continued as late as usual, and, indeed, the royal garden-party is an addition to the ordinary State functions, there remains the fact that the London season has collapsed in a very sudden manner. Henley has been, as a social event, quite a failure this year, and we have all been forced to realise the importance of man in making London society interesting. The whole thing, with so much anxiety and sorrow around us, has been half-hearted, and we shall all be glad to get to the country and enjoy those more simple pleasures that do not seem so inharmonious as balls and luxurious dinner-parties do with the state of affairs in the world at the moment. Nature for ever reminds us that "beyond these voices there is peace," and even helps us to be content, unselfishly content, with the thought that some of those we love have reached their rest.

Comfortable clothes are not merely permissible, they are even indispensable for country wear. Anything over-trimmed is out of keeping; but daintiness and absolute freshness are of the first importance. It is a mistake to provide oneself for actual travelling wear with washing dresses, unless one takes a large stock, and that implies the dreadful mountainous boxes with which the Americans break the backs of porters so cruelly. But when one is going to settle in a given country spot, not dependent absolutely on the little village laundress, then gowns in washing materials, batistes, muslins, and prints, are charming wear. For the river, or for places where "getting-up" cannot be relied upon, alpaca, thin serge, holland, and linen are good and resourceful materials. Foulard is being made up into hundreds of little gowns, for smart yet simple wear in the country: It should not be the satin-faced variety, but the old-fashioned, reliable soft silk. It is quite uncrushable by any ordinary treatment. I have a red-and-white foulard tea-jacket, trimmed with a falling collar and jabot of soft old lace, that I have many times rolled up to go in my suit dressing-case,

literally as tight as it could be rolled, and the amiable thing shakes out again to wear without a trace of the hard usage. Muslin, on the contrary, needs dainty treatment, and must not be folded and pressed too closely.

Linen is the favourite of the hour for morning wear; it looks well, and is not easily crushed, and the colours in which it comes are all the most dainty and charming that can be imagined. But, sooth to say, it is a heavy fabric to wear, and for that reason is less to be recommended for tiring pedestrian expeditions than alpaca, or fine woollen fabrics. For appropriate occasions, linen welded with lace and accompanied by touches of glacé silk makes a dress both smart and unpretentious. Take this one that I have just seen at Henley as an example. The ill-named but essentially charming "butcher-blue" tone of colour was chosen, and made into a skirt stitched over piping down to the knee; a sash of blue glacé was wound widely round the waist, and fell nearly to the hem at the left side; it was finished with narrow white silk fringe attached to a lace heading—one of the newest forms of trimming. The bolero was cut very short, and edged round with the same lace and fringe, and its sleeves were bell-shaped, the under-bodice and under-sleeves being of the glacé veiled with one layer of silk muslin lightly filled. Another linen gown was in lime-green, with yoke of insertions of Valenciennes lace and plaits of green glacé alternating; a pouched bodice of the linen, opening over a centre vest of folded glacé; and a skirt trimmed with three bands round the hips and again round the knees of Valenciennes lace. Yet one more, in sealing-wax red, was relieved by a fichu of white embroidered lawn, edged with lace, and a three-cornered vest and under-sleeves of pleated white muslin.

Floppy hats, the sort of thing hitherto considered sacred to babies, are quite the fancy at the moment for country wear. They are made in muslin, batiste, or glacé silk, either combined with straw or put over wire shapes to give the necessary firmness. A straw crown of the jam-pot order will have a wire brim framework as sparse and light as possible attached to it, and covered with frill upon frill or flounce over flounce of the soft muslin or lace, that completely conceals the wire and flops round the head prettily. Other varieties of the flop have a soft straw brim cut away widely in the centre of the front, and filled in there with a double or treble bow of muslin and lace. The brim is all-in-all—the further trimming becomes insignificant in comparison; but for a finish the brim is surmounted by a twist of muslin or taffetas, and a cluster of flowers is added, violets being frequently selected as so unspoilable—and of course these hats are intended to be thrown about in garden-chairs, on hall-benches and boat-seats; it is their *métier* to look careless and indifferent to their own treatment. The smartest of the variety that I have seen was in yellow muslin, spotted with black peas, the brim constructed of this muslin entirely, well raised from the face, yet shielding it by virtue of floppiness; crown of very coarse amber straw; and a carelessly twisted and loosely tied scarf of yellow taffetas completed the trimming round the crown.

Garden-parties are the order of the day as soon as people get back to the country from their season in town, and for these the delicious printed muslins are the very thing so far as young people are concerned; foulard or grenadine will better comport with a more dignified contour. Fichus are a great addition to the appearance of most thin gowns, and this detail as a part of the make is often adopted. A slender figure is given width by a graceful shoulder-drapery, and a rather too-generous outline can be to some extent modified in the same manner; but the actually stout woman should eschew the style, taking refuge in the close lines of a well-fitted centre vest, even though a folded or gathered one, and pouched sides; or pouched centre accompanied by revers sloping in well to the waist at either side. As a hint of general application to these little gowns, one may say, when in doubt, play narrow black velvet ribbon. The share that it has in concocting the fashionable gown of the hour is immense. Use it as strappings, make it into tiny bows centred by Parisian diamond buckles, edge frills of lace or of the muslin that makes the gown with little lines of black velvet, use it as waist-belt, let it outline plaits on the thinnest and finest of materials, run lines of it round skirts—it is always in keeping, and adds that *chic* touch that is given by the fancy of the moment to the eye that is cultivated in Dame Fashion's school of art. A smart little idea has just come before me in a Paris model muslin gown. The material was grey muslin faintly lined with black. It was made up over a striped silk lining of two deep shades of grey, which showed very effectively through the fainter grey tones of the muslin; and by way of trimmings, bands of the striped lining silk were sparingly used; they formed narrow bows that concealed the fastenings down the centre of the pleated front, and were laid up the full muslin under-sleeve to the point at which it met the lined and shaped over-sleeve near the elbow. The use of stiff lines and setly-made bows of taffetas or glacé on muslin gowns is a Parisian idea, and works out effectively. Though the model just described differed from most in the deliberate showing of the striped lining through the fainter stripes of the muslin, the little bit of stiff silk trimming was seen on many other light fabrics.

Simple yet smart afternoon dresses are shown in our illustrations. Hand painting of the trails of blossoms that adorn skirt and bodice of that white muslin make it a costly dress, but lace or chiffon flowers might be substituted. Black velvet ribbon in bands over lace and a chiffon flounce finish the costume, while the hat is a broad-brimmed straw trimmed with roses. The other is a gown in voile, the skirt gauged and pleated, while the bodice is trimmed with bands of lace outlined with velvet; the hat is of chiffon with plumes.

Mr. Walter Crane's only daughter has lately been married, and the ceremony was conducted with some novelty. The wedding reception was given the evening before the wedding; at the actual legal ceremony only the immediate relatives were present, and the bride then wore

her travelling-costume in the shape of a black poplin coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with red roses; but at the reception on the eve, she had an orthodox bridal gown of white lace over satin, and carried a bouquet of white blossoms. Mrs. Crane's dress, specially designed by her distinguished husband, was an Empire gown of heliotrope Roman satin, with slashings on the yoke showing pleated chiffon embroidered with silver and crystal, angel-sleeves of white chiffon similarly embroidered, and bands on the bodice of white cashmere embroidered with lilies outlined by gold. The party was an immense one, and included innumerable artistic and literary celebrities; so that a permanent interest will attach to a large book in which every guest was asked to inscribe an autograph. The ordinary way of having distinguished friends sign the church register simply results in the interesting autographs being left behind in the church book. The Quakers have a plan of the marriage-certificate itself being written on a large parchment, to be signed by all the leading friends present and handed to the bride. These documents thus become of immense interest in some cases. At the wedding a little while ago of one of the daughters of Mrs. W. S. Clark, of Street, who is herself John Bright's eldest daughter, the marriage-register of the bride's parents, signed by Mr. Bright and many other distinguished "Friends" since passed away, was displayed to the young bride's wedding party, and created great interest. Miss Crane's idea might be followed more generally. Then her wedding presents were all enumerated in a beautifully and specially bound parchment-leaved book, that itself formed one of the gifts. The bridecake was placed in the huge refreshment-tent that covered the tennis-ground, and it was adorned with a quaint placard bearing a water-colour drawing of the bride, and the inscription, "The bride will cut the cake at midnight." These are only a few of the many novel features of a most unconventional and artistic marriage feast.

Nurses have held a conference in London, under the arrangement of "The Matrons' Council," of which Mrs. Bedford Penwick and Miss Isla Stewart, the matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, are the leading members. The matrons urged very strongly that there should be a special nursing department, with women holding official places in it, in connection with all Government offices that have to do with the care of the sick. This would, of course, include the Local Government Board, which oversees the Poor-law nursing; and it would include the War Office. The suggestion is, beyond doubt, a good one; nursing will hardly be properly arranged or given its due importance in the scale of affairs till it has a representative board specially considering and urging



A SMART AFTERNOON DRESS IN MUSLIN.

on notice all that is necessary to make State nursing as efficient as possible. Of course, trained nurses themselves should have a share in such direction. The organising ability, tact, wisdom, and self-devotion required of a first-class hospital matron are as great as are needed to fill successfully any office in the world, and yet the supply seems equal to the demand among women; and those qualities and the experience they have brought to the best among the trained nurses might well be more fully utilised in the public nursing service.

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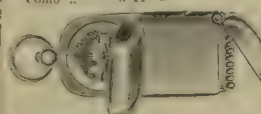
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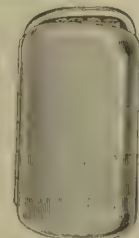
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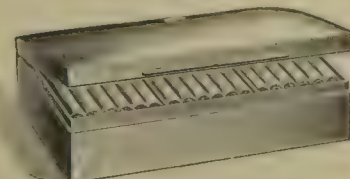


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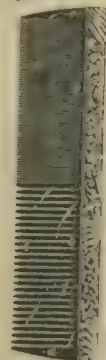


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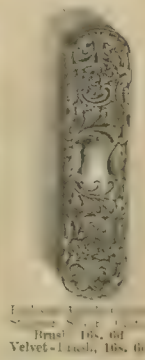
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My comments on the case of Mrs. Piper have brought me a number of letters, critical and otherwise, some traversing my view, others approving of my opinions, and some politely conveying the intelligence that I know nothing about the matter. The only remark one feels tempted to make concerning the last-mentioned opinion is that it is somewhat of a pity that my correspondents do not appear to be inclined or able to enlighten my ignorance. I simply expressed the views of everyone interested in brain-problems when I said that one desires earnestly to have a case like that of Mrs. Piper explained—that is, assuming the correctness of the accounts given of her mystical revelations. I do not accept Dr. Hyslop's idea that there is a little band of "disincarnate spirits" controlling Mrs. Piper in her trance states. I incline to the belief that if the case is explicable at all on ordinary scientific grounds, it may be found to fall under the category of instances of double consciousness. We get many cases of this nature, in which Self alternates with a Second Self; but then the second personality does not profess to tell people about the past of themselves or their dead friends. When it is stated that she reveals things which, known to her questioners, she herself cannot be supposed to know, one must wait for more light. The spirit theory no person other than a spiritualist is likely to adopt.

Before I leave the case of Mrs. Piper, I hasten to correct an impression which seems to have got abroad that my friend, Dr. Theo. B. Hyslop, superintendent of Bethlem Royal Hospital, London, is the writer of the articles in *Harper's Magazine* dealing with Mrs. Piper. The author of the articles is an American physician, Dr. James H. Hyslop, and I should hope this fact will be made widely known, for the reason that Dr. T. B. Hyslop tells me that he has been inundated with letters relative to the Piper case since the publication of my last article in these columns. I hope my explanation of the dual personalities of Dr. T. B. Hyslop and Dr. J. H. Hyslop will suffice to save the former from any future annoyance in this respect.

Dr. T. B. Hyslop has no doubt met with many instances of double consciousness, and a summary of certain

cases of this nature was read by him last year at the British Medical Association's annual meeting. Curiously enough, I find a section thereof devoted to types of Self and Second Self cases, in which "mediumship" and "possessions" characterise the subjects thereof. That is to say, in a lunatic-asylum we find people exactly resembling Mrs. Piper in respect of the Second Self state, the chief difference being that Mrs. Piper illustrates her

type, has no memory of what has transpired during the secondary state, and in the deepest degrees of trance, the voice, language, and actions purport to be those of the individual represented by the medium."

This is a perfect description by an expert in the treatment of the insane, of cases resembling Mrs. Piper's trance states. Let Dr. T. B. Hyslop, however, speak again. "In one case,

now in Bethlem, the medium regards herself as perfectly passive, and as merely carrying out the designs of the spirits, who make use of her mediumship." Now, I say these instances afford a very remarkable parallelism, which will place the advocates of the spiritualistic theory in somewhat of a dilemma. For if physicians trained in the diagnosis of mental troubles show us that inside the walls of asylums there are people who behave precisely as reputed "mediums" conduct themselves outside asylums, the suggestion must follow, either that the mediums (when not charlatans) illustrate a phase of erratic brain-work, or that the poor creatures in Bethlem and elsewhere are sane persons. I do not think anybody not a spiritualist will hesitate in his or her choice between the two opinions.

I have a letter from Mr. J. M. Maskelyne, of the Egyptian Hall, in which he makes some very pertinent remarks regarding the inability of the "spirits" to do more than execute ways and works which are explicable, as I have suggested, on the idea that the Second Self may be prompted unconsciously by the knowledge of the questioner. Mr. Maskelyne is an old hand in the matter of *exposés* of spiritualistic tricks. He says that those who, like himself, "have witnessed the manner in which these investigations are conducted, the assistance unconsciously given to the medium, the anxiety that something will take

place, and the excitement when something does take place, will hesitate to accept these reports as conclusive." Mr. Maskelyne also suggests that if indisputable proof of spirit-knowledge be desired, nothing could be easier than in the case of Mrs. Piper to select some newspaper just published thousands of miles away, and to ask the spirits to reproduce there and then an article from it. Similar wonders are professed by those who believe in spirit-control, and Mr. Maskelyne adds that he has suggested "scores of such tests at séances, but they always offend the spirits, and they refuse to manifest any longer."



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phenomena as a sane woman, and that investigators like Dr. J. H. Hyslop claim a spirit origin for them. Dr. T. B. Hyslop tells us such cases are far from common. In their Second Self state, they "speak, write, or act as if animated by others, living or dead." This is an exact description of the Piper séances. But there is more to follow. "These states," says Dr. T. B. Hyslop, "vary from the occurrences of automatic writing [Mrs. Piper again], inspirational speaking [heard at spiritualistic meetings], trance utterances, to higher intellectual flights and theatrical scenes. The subject, when of the hysterical

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WARINGS' SPECIMEN ROOMS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Decorative art as applied to interiors is going through a remarkable evolution. The foremost personal influence in this evolution is a firm whose name is already a household word on both sides of the Channel. Waring and Gillow—better known as "Warings"—have devoted themselves for some years past to the task of making the historic styles in decoration and furnishing not only more suitable to the increasing demand for comfort, but also less expensive. They have taught the public how to furnish and decorate a home in the most artistic way at a strictly limited outlay. It has been the guiding principle of their business to associate tasteful effects with low prices. For some years past they have been preaching the doctrine of the artistic home, replacing the conventional and vulgar commonplaces of the early Victorian era with pure and artistic treatments; and now, by the aid of their vast mechanical resources, they are able to combine this great educational work with the no less practical one of the cheapening of values. Even on the commercial basis only, Warings may claim to stand unrivalled, as they secure the best results, both in taste and durability, under limitations of price that have hitherto been associated only with inferior manufactures. The exemplary outcome of their labours is seen in their Paris exhibit—a striking example of utilitarian art amid a collection of mere slavish old-world imitations—an object-lesson of what can be done at a low cost in the mansion, the flat, or the bijou residence of to-day, without losing the delicate bloom, the subtle *esprit*, of the statelier styles of the bygone time.

The exhibit is an illustration—more than that, an illumination. It consists of a suite of rooms—rooms such as serve everyday purposes—elegant, in perfect taste, originally treated, and furnished to be lived in. The specimen room of the average decorator is—well, a show-place if you like.



THE JACOBEOAN DINING-ROOM.

is in oak, with fine panelling covering the walls and a built-in carved inlaid oak sideboard. The chimneypiece is especially cosy and inviting, being the full width of the room, and having niches on either side for the homely jug or flagon, and a cupboard above. The hangings used in this room are a reproduction of sixteenth-century Portuguese silk. In their fine reproductions of historic fabrics Warings have one method of ensuring artistic results at a cheap cost; and in their immense mechanical resources for turning out such work as panelling they have another. These are simply instances of the advantages they possess, and which enable them to carry out the most beautiful schemes of decoration at prices which until now have been unheard of.

From the dining-room one enters a child's bed-room, fitted with dull green woodwork. This room is an effective example of the New Art, in which originality has full play, as exemplified in the quaint little windows, the fireplace sunk below the floor-level, and the semicircular inlaid oak dressing-chest.

The principal bed-room is an exquisitely "fitted" room, with immovable armoire, wash-stand, and drawers, extending round two sides, and made of the most beautiful inlaid satinwood, the grain of which is probably superior to anything of the kind that has previously been seen in Paris. Above the fitment and the Adams drab filling of the other walls, there is a Wedgwood green frieze, and the carpet, the hangings, and the bed-cover are of a warm tone of rose colour, which harmonises beautifully with the satinwood. For exquisite finish of workmanship, for luxuriousness of effect, and for real refinement and taste, it would be utterly impossible to find anything superior to this bed-room.



THE NURSERY.

but not a habitation. Warings' specimen rooms are cosy, comfortable, cheerful, and a fine taste and a certain audaciously artistic quaintness dominate them.

Before dealing in detail with this interesting exhibit, it is as well to mention that in the gallery the same firm, now allied with T. J. Bontor and Sons, the eminent importers of carpets, has a remarkable display of Oriental carpets and rugs, both antique and modern. It is not too much to say that this show has never been surpassed, either for style or quality, in any of the great international exhibitions, and can hardly be equalled even in the most important public collections. The furniture and decorative exhibit on the ground-floor is shown in a pavilion, the exterior of which bespeaks its delightful character. It is a faithful reproduction of an old house in Maryland, with an arcaded corridor, which plays the part of a verandah, supported by columns, in the "Colonial" adaptation of the Adams style.

Stepping on to the raised oak floor, one passes at once into the Georgian entrance-hall, panelled in white wood. On the right-hand side, reached through an opening, which has a glazed screen on either side, is a morning room, or parlour, the purpose of which is to convey to the Parisian mind a style of room which has no analogous form at present on the Continent, and which, while being eminently artistic, has a certain homeliness that the more ceremonial apartments of a house sometimes lack. The basis of the style is more or less Elizabethan, as indicated by the ribbed ceiling with its Tudoresque ornamentation. The walls are panelled in wood, painted white, up to the height of the gold frieze. Round the wall, at different intervals, there are curious antique lantern-shaped electroliers, which have a very quaint effect. The recessed chimneypiece is a particularly fine feature. This room, although it is essentially inexpensive, has unquestionably a striking note of comfort; the colouring of the curtains and carpet is well chosen, and the *ensemble* possesses a gracious cheerfulness about it which is already appealing to the Parisian public. Leading out of it there is a little bed-room fitted like the berth of a yacht, with a bunk bed, chiefly interesting from the fact that it is a successful attempt to economise space in the house on much the same principles as it is economised on board ship.

This room leads into the dining-room, a Jacobean apartment, with something of an Italian Renaissance feeling, founded on a similar room in the house of a well-to-do yeoman of the period. The treatment generally



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 2, 1894) of Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Stella Hall, Blaydon-on-Tyne, M.P. for Newcastle 1874-86, proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who died on Feb. 17, has been proved at the Durham District Registry by Joseph Cowen, the son, and Miss June Cowen, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £491,826. The testator gives all his real and personal estate, wheresoever and whatsoever, to his son and daughter, to be equally divided between them.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1889), with a codicil (dated June 9, 1893), of Miss Emily Frances Dalton, of Leicester, who died on Jan. 3, has been proved by William Idewellyn Salisbury and Arthur Guy Ellis, the executors, the value of the estate being £80,828. The testatrix gives £10,000 to the Gordon Boys' Home (West End, Chobham); £5000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £4000 each to the Leicester Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind and the Leicester Fever House; £2000 to the National Lifeboat Institution; £2000 each to the Chaplain's fund of the Leicester Infirmary, the Leicester Church Extension Society, and the Governesses' Benevolent Institution (Sackville Street); £1000 each to the Leicester Infirmary, the Leicester Institution for Providing Trained Nurses, the Leicester Old Age Society, the Leicester Provident Infirmary, the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children; £500 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Leicester Blanket-Lending Society, the Leicester Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor, the Leicester Infant Orphan Asylum, and the Leicester Female Asylum; and £200 each to the Leicester Home for Penitent Females and the Leicester Lay Agency and Scripture Readers' Society. She also gives all her engravings, drawings, prints, and etchings to the Science and Art Department; all her oil-paintings and £1000,

upon trust, for the Leicester Art Gallery; and a few small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to the Gordon Boys' Home.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1895), with a codicil (dated June 9, 1897), of the Rev. Beauchamp Kerr-Pearse, of The Rectory, Ascot, Berks, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Geraldine Henrietta Kerr-Pearse, the widow, and Beauchamp Albert Thomas Kerr-Pearse and Charles Cecil Henry Kerr-Pearse, the sons, the executors, the value of

Jan. 6, 1887) of Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, of Ravenswood, Melrose, N.B., who died at Naples on March 20, granted to Sir William George Herbert Taylor Ramsay Fairfax, Bart., the brother, and Henry Cook, the executors, the value of the estate being £68,982.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 27, 1895), of Sir Thomas Earle, Bart., of Allerton Tower, Woolton, Liverpool, who died on April 13, was proved on June 23 in the Liverpool District Registry by Hardman Arthur Earle and Thomas Algernon Earle, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £86,045. The testator gives £500, his furniture and household effects, the use of Allerton Tower and the income of £20,000 to his wife, Dame Emily Earle; £20,000 to his eldest son Henry; £3000 each to his younger children Emily Josephine, Caroline, Evelyn Margaret, Reginald, and John Wilfrid; £250 each to his executors; and £100 each to William Oldfield and Ellen Burroughes. On the decease of Lady Earle certain plate and pictures are to devolve as heirlooms. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 24, 1889) of Captain Benjamin Lee Guinness, late Royal Horse Guards, of Ballard, Coombe, Kingston-on-Thames, who died on Feb. 2, granted to Baron Ardilaun and Baron Iveagh, the brothers, the executors, was sealed in London on June 28, the value of the estate in England and

Ireland being £39,023. Under the provisions of the will of his father, the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, he charges the estates settled therein with the payment of £10,000 to his younger son, Kenelm Edward Lee Guinness. He leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Lady Henrietta Eliza Guinness, for life or widowhood, and then to his eldest son, Arthur St. Lawrence Lee Guinness.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1897) of Mr. Joseph Keech Aston, of 3, Dean's Yard, Westminster, Secretary and Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty, who died on May 23, was proved on June 28 by Frederic Marriner Aston, the



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the estate being £134,973. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, and he confirms to her an annuity of £1000; the picture "Joseph the Carpenter," said to be by Rembrandt, to Lord Iveagh; an annuity to his aunt, and also one to his gardener. On the decease of his wife he gives the pictures the Duke of Schomberg, by Kneller, and Lord Robert Kerr, by Rosalba, to his son Beauchamp. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two sons and two daughters.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Roxburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated

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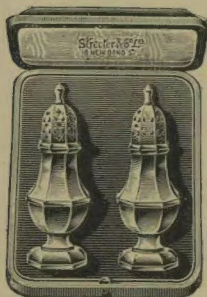
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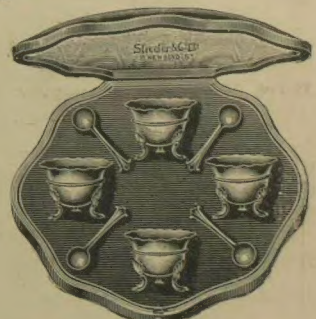
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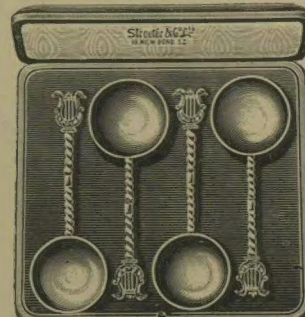


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MUSIC.

It would be interesting to discover whether the large audience at Covent Garden on Tuesday went to hear "Lucia di Lammermoor" for the sake of its composer, Donizetti, or for the facile interpretation of its ornate and vocally gymnastic music by Madame Melba; and whether the succeeding night's performance of "Die Meistersinger," with its kindly and elaborate satire on the academic school of music, was purely a homage to Wagner or to M. Jean de Reszke's reappearance after another breakdown in health. Certainly, those who desired to be present at both showed a catholic taste in composition, for each opera may be considered a perfect specimen of its peculiar school. As Lucia, Madame Melba sang beautifully, especially in the flute duet. M. Saléza was an impassioned Edgardo, the lover. In the "Meistersinger" M. Jean de Reszke showed traces of ill-health by a languor and effort in long dramatic passages that he usually

sings with the art that conceals art. His phrasing and interpretation were beyond criticism, but his voice had not yet recovered its normal quality. Frau Gadske sang Eva extremely well, but did not quite grasp the reticence and tenderness of the girl's nature. Herr van Rooy as Hans Sachs compared very favourably even with Edouard de Reszke in the same part. Herr Mottl conducted.

On Saturday M. Jean de Reszke again received a great reception in "Lohengrin." There was a marked improvement in his strength and quality of voice, though it was obviously not yet at its best; notwithstanding this, "Lohengrin," with him and his brother, Edouard de Reszke, was a beautiful performance. Frau Gadske sang well as Elsa, but failed again to represent her original nature. It is a character that baffles many singers; for there is the dreaminess of a young, romantic girl and the awakening passion of a woman in the rapture of her first acquaintance with love. Miss Edith Walker was happier in her conception of the

malignant Ortrud. The opera was conducted by Herr Emil Paur, an Austrian, who is new to England.

There is always a charm to connoisseurs in trying to collect lost fragments of any artistic creation. This Mr. Shedlock has proved in patiently endeavouring to present to the Purcell Society a patched score of the mutilated "Fairy Queen" that Purcell wrote for an adaptation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It was produced only once in its entirety, at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1692. After that one performance the score was mysteriously lost. Mr. Shedlock gave, however, at a private concert in Stratford Place the result of his efforts. He played on an old and very defective harpsichord, and the accompaniments were a quintet of string instruments led by Mr. Sigmund Beel. Miss Evangeline Florence and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan sang most delightfully a duet, "When the maids and men," and Mr. O'Sullivan's song, "Next winter comes slowly," was equally admirable, with a quartet of singers as chorus.

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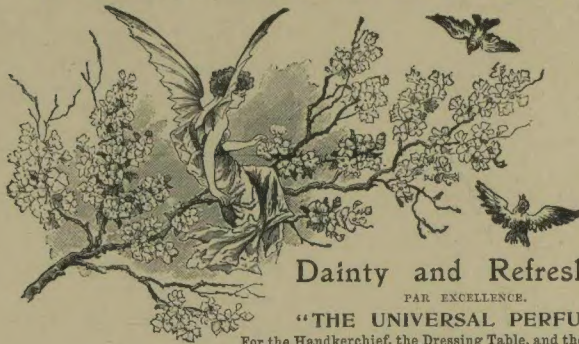
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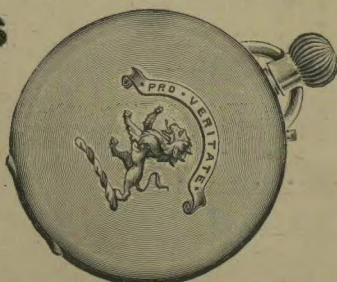
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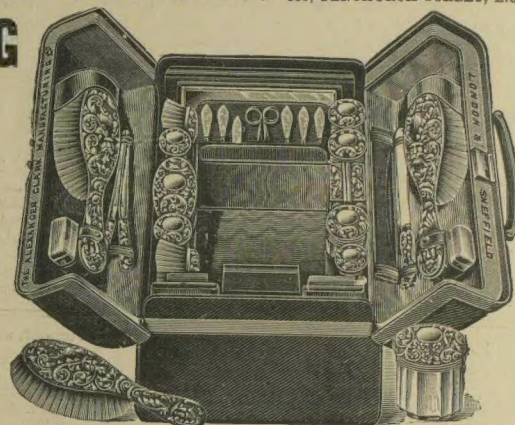
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The first biography of an artist has a unique charm, and Miss Rosa Neumarch has given England a very readable life and critical study of Tchaikovsky (Grant Richards) as a composer and as a critic. She herself, in a prefatory note, disclaims any intention of giving a conventional biography, and disarms criticism by acknowledging a patchiness of construction: "If it has not been altogether a case of making bricks without straw, at least the straw has been scattered on the four winds of journalism, and has had to be gathered up in the byways of Russian musical literature." One is therefore prepared to find very few details of Tchaikovsky's personal life. In fact, the author's reticence, though commendable as regards his domestic misery, is disappointing to those who are greedy for scandal and the intimate secrets of the individual. There is a refreshing naïveté in her confession, however, that she herself does not possess the key that unlocks the prison-house. That is in the sealed packet left by his friend and biographer, M. Kashkin, that may be opened, "if it has any interest for the world, in thirty years." That there was a

dark shadow is certain from the morbid way in which Tchaikovsky courted death soon after his marriage, "standing up to his chest in a river in the first sharp frost of a September night in the hopes of literally catching his death of cold." This melancholy, and a reckless generosity, were the two marked characteristics of his temperament. For the rest, all his diaries, which were most amply written up, were burned by himself a little while before he died, except the diary of his musical tour in 1888, which forms the latter part of Miss Neumarch's book.

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Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, on visiting the Grand Garden Fête and Open-Air Bazaar in aid of the Marchioness of Lansdowne's Officers' Families Fund, Sheen House Club, East Sheen, was pleased to accept several of the Louis Wain cat drawings. Mr. Wain was presented to the Princess by Lady Reid and Mrs. Stennard Robinson. During the recent visit of the Princess of Wales to the artist's exhibition of cat drawings at the Botanic Gardens, Mr. Wain had the honour of being presented to her Royal Highness by the Countess of Ilchester.

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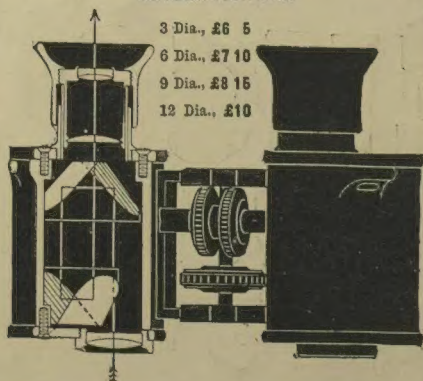
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